THE CHRIST OF EVERY ROAD

E. STANLEY JONES

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BY
E. STANLEY JONES

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PREFACE

AFTER the publication of my last book, *Christ at the Round Table,* I determined that I would not write another for a number of years. The decision seemed wise.

On a recent evangelistic trip to South America, in the quiet hours of meditation on shipboard, this book in outline, if not in essence, came to me. When I returned to the United States the very first request I received was from the publishers asking me, in view of the forthcoming celebration of the nineteen hundredth anniversary of Pentecost throughout Christendom, to write a book on Pentecost. Ordinarily, it would have been the last thing to which I would or could have acceded. One cannot produce such a book by request. But when the gift of the quiet hours and the request of the publishers spoke the same thing the combination seemed a compulsion. This book is the result.

E. STANLEY JONES.

Mission House, Sitapur, U. P. India.

CHAPTER I

ON THE VERGE OF A SPIRITUAL AWAKENING?

THE world-ground is being prepared, I am persuaded, for a spiritual awakening on a very extensive scale. I do not say this lightly—it is a growing conviction, forced upon me by the facts. The factors that compose the preparing of this world-ground seem to me to be these:

First, the scientific attitude toward life, which seemed in the beginning to be inimical to the gospel, is creating a soil upon which that gospel can come to its own. The scientific attitude is a frank, open demand for facts. Its sphere seemed at first to be in the realm of physical fact. Now it is penetrating into all realms and is sifting all facts—physical, mental, and spiritual. Some have attempted to reconcile science and religion by saying that science has as its sphere the province of physical facts and religion the province of values. This division seems to me to be artificial. The method of science will go over, is going over, into all realms. Can our gospel stand up under this search for fact? Not if it is a system dogmatically and arbitrarily imposed on life which we must obey or be lost. It can, if it turns out to be, not something imposed on life, but something coming up out of life, necessary

to life, completing life. Someone has said that the gospel found congenial soil among the Greeks in their cry of "a return to nature." The gospel was something that fitted into human nature and completed human nature. It broke the shackles that made a man less than a man and restored him to normal, symmetrical, harmonious human living.

On this soil of a return to the facts the gospel will come into its own. It is founded on fact, the Fact of Christ. I am not afraid that men will be too scientific, I am afraid they will not be scientific enough. I am persuaded that if we go far enough with the facts, they will lead us to the central fact of our moral and spiritual universe—Christ.

His gospel is not a theory spun out of the brain of a philosopher apart from life, unchecked by the facts of life. It came out of life and it speaks to life. A great English schoolmaster once cried, "My creed is life . . . blessed be life, the King!" Under the searching scrutiny of the moral facts and under the testing of the ways of human living, I am persuaded that it is turning out that Christ, our gospel, is "not a mere way of life, nor even the medicine of life, but Life itself," so that we can cry, "My creed is Life . . . blessed be Life, the King!"

The Hebrew word was Goodness, the Greek word was Light, the Hindu word is Devotion,

the Christian word is Life. The Christian word is Life because our gospel is founded on life and it imparts life. Blessed be Life, the King!

In the train one day I was talking with a famous Orientalist. He was going fifteen hundred miles across the burning plains of India to fill up a single gap in his knowledge of Buddhism. Three thousand miles to verify a single point of knowledge! I was reverent in the face of such demand for truth. He said to me in very earnest tones, "We in Europe are looking for a new religion." I asked him what he wanted in the new religion. He replied, "First of all we want religion to take the open, frank attitude toward life; in other words, the scientific attitude; and, second, we want it to take the human attitude toward people, really to care for and love people. If we could get these two things in the new religion, we would be satisfied."

How the gospel had been overlaid and obscured by ecclesiasticism! So overlaid that even this discerning professor could not see it. I asked him to go back beyond the obscuring centuries and stand face to face with Christ and then make his two demands and see if they are answered. Out of the heart of the account come these decisive words of the Master, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Those words could be written over

the portals of any Hall of Science and exactly express the scientific attitude and spirit. I pointed this out to him. Very thoughtfully he replied, "If that expresses the attitude and mind of Christ, then no statement could more adequately and beautifully express our spirit." As to the second demand I said that to ask the question of Christ's real interest in and care for people was to answer it. He loved people—not merely their souls—he loved them. Then we traced out together this human strain in the gospel. At the close we were face to face with the inescapable fact of Christ and of his mind and saw that what we needed was not a new religion, but a new discovery of Christ, who is Religion.

It is remarkable that Jesus used two names for the Spirit, which would imply that he meets and more than meets the two demands of the professor: "The Paraclete, . . . even the Spirit of Truth." The Spirit of Truth—could any name more perfectly designate that which science is dimly groping after in its search for truth? Here is the very Spirit of Truth. And the Paraclete (*para*, "beside," and *kaleo*, "I call")—the One who stands alongside of men, counseling, consoling, inspiring, giving power by which to live—could anything more adequately express the passionate human interest of the Divine? The passion of science for truth and

the human interest are more than met in the gospel.

"Our civilization is passing into a new phase, the scientific," says Dean Inge, "and the whole framework of our Christianity belongs to the old phase, the classic. It is no wonder that the results just at present are so discouraging." Note that he says "the framework of our Christianity belongs to the old phase"—the framework, but not the facts. The facts of our gospel belong to Life itself. Any return to the facts will only bring us nearer to that gospel.

We therefore welcome this frank facing of life and its facts and believe that it is helping to prepare the world-ground for a spiritual awakening.

The second factor that is preparing the world-ground is the trend toward experience. It is part of the above but sufficiently definite to be noted separately. The trend is away from abstract ideas to ideas that life will back. How does it work in experience? is the searching test.

It can be seen at a glance that this is an atmosphere in which the gospel is at home. For, as Matthew Arnold says, "Jesus based himself always on experience, never on theory." If there is one note that sounds through the whole of the gospel, it is the note of experience: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

In the pages of the New Testament men did

not speculate about God—they shared him. They said little about the Beyond of salvation, they were so sure of its immediacy. They were sure of heaven because they had it—had it in immediate experience. Their souls sang to the music of things.

It is often said that only those elements in Christianity which are expressible in and through human experience are likely to influence an age which openly revolts against dogma. True, but there is little in the New Testament that these Christians were not finding in experience. God? They knew him! Miracles? They themselves were miracles! Resurrection? They had gone through it! Heaven? They were living in it! Hell? They had escaped it! Reconciliation? They rejoiced in it! Eternal life? They possessed it!

The demand of this age for experience leads straight toward Christ, for the whole of his gospel is founded upon experience.

The third factor in the world-ground is an undertone of deep spiritual craving. No one can get close to the soul of this age without feeling that in spite of its materialism and its lack of discipline there is an honest wistfulness running through it. Touch it in Latin America and you will find that the intelligentsia are standing between two worlds—one, the world of dogmatic authority, dead; the other, the world of spiritual

experience, not yet born. Into that vacuum is rushing every cult of ancient and modern times, from the worship of Psyche and Cupid to Theosophy and Vedantism. It all witnesses to the vast thirst that is upon their spirits. "I can go to my work in the law courts at any time," said one of the outstanding lawyers of Latin America after he had been four hours in our Round Table Conference during the middle of a busy day, "but I cannot get this every day." A leading editor expressed his feeling in even more forceful language: "That was the happiest day of my life. I had lost my faith through wide reading and had been trying to regain it, but there I opened my life to Christ and he came into it. I have been living in a new world ever since. This is what Latin America needs." "Had I known this was the gospel, I should never have gone to these cults," said another brilliant, but thirsty mind. Their agnosticism is not irreligion, so much as it is a protest against hollow, unthinking dogmatism.

Get in touch with the students of the United States and under blasé or cynical attitudes you will find a heart-hunger that is appalling. It is there *if you can get to it.* When speaking to them it is a question as to whether they will mentally kick you out or fall at your feet. They are terribly hard on cant, on unreality, on words, but they rise like a trout to a fly when con-

fronted with sincerity and a gospel that challenges the depths. A young thing of the flapper type marched up to me at the close of a meeting and said: "Gee, but you walked all over my needs this morning. Say, you got me, boy!" Slangy? Yes, but sincere. In her slangy words there was running the same sort of sincerity and spiritual craving as that voiced by a modern philosopher in these strong and stately words: "The fact of religious vision and its history of persistent expansion is our one ground for optimism. Apart from it, human life is a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of transient experience."[1] Or when Bradley says: "There is nothing more real than that which comes in religion. To compare facts such as these with what is given to us in outward existence would be to trifle with the subject. The man who demands a reality more solid than that of the religious consciousness seeks he knows not what" (Bradley, *Appearance and Reality,* p. 449). It seems that, as Dr. Wheeler Robinson says, "philosophers are now prepared in greater measure than formerly to consider religious experience as among the most significant of their data."

When we turn to the scientists they tell us that they are abandoning the idea of a universe

[1]Whitehead, *Science and the Modern World,* p. 276.

whose basic constituency is atoms, hard, like billiard balls, in favor of electrons, or organized force or energy centers. This new conception seems to be turning the scientific mind of the age from a materialistic conception and explanation of our universe to a spiritual interpretation. "Materialism as a philosophy is vanishing, for matter itself is vanishing." It is easier to step up from force centers to an immanent God than it was to posit a Creator of a hard material world out of nothing. It is no wonder, then, that, as Doctor Milligan tells us, there is a definite turn of the tide of scientific thinking away from agnostic materialism to God.

When we look at the group supposed to be apostles of modern materialism, the modern men of big business, I find they are not. No groups of people impress me more with their simplicity, frankness, and longing for a spiritual basis for human living than the groups of wealthy business men. As one faces these groups one finds the spiritual hunger appalling. It is often covered up, but it is there if we can get to it. "Don't talk to this crowd of business men about religion," said the head of a large business men's association. "They are hardboiled and will not take it." I didn't know how to talk about anything else, took for granted that they were folks just like myself, and wanted something, and so poured out my soul to them. At the close the

chairman said: "I take it all back. I am glad you talked to us this way. We are men as well as business men." Fundamentally, all men are men. When we get down to that fundamental manhood we find it has a fundamental need—God.

When I turn to the East I find it changing from center to circumference. The unchanging East? The most changing portion of the globe to-day. The tension is terrific and terrifying. In this state of tension comes the consciousness, sometimes only dimly realized, that the old sanctions of life are giving way, that they cannot stand up under the modern pressure. The brilliant editor of an Indian weekly, conscious that things are somehow going wrong, lashes out against what he calls "the dead-set against Hinduism." Many have rushed into print to assure him that there is no dead-set against Hinduism, that new attitudes of sympathy and understanding have taken the place of the older attitude of iconoclasm. But the editor is right. There is a dead-set against Hinduism, though not in the way he thinks. He picks out certain writers as symptomatic of this dead-set against Hinduism. His diagnosis is wrong. It is far deeper than that. The dead-set against Hinduism comes from the whole pressure of the scientific attitude toward life. He calls it Westernism. It is deeper than Westernism and far more decisive.

The East can withstand Westernism, but this pressure is deep and all-inclusive. This facing of life frankly and openly and asking for the facts is undermining the religious sanctions of the East. The youth goes to his sacred books, which are nearly all based upon the a priori; he goes to the university, where all is based on the a posteriori. His soul becomes a seething mass of conflicting claims. Tradition and the scientific attitude struggle for mastery within him. Ten years ago I threw out the remark that the non-Christian systems are nestling up under the British Government, that the strain of modern conditions is not falling upon these systems as yet, but that when Self-Government begins, and the British Government is taken away, the pressure will rest directly on these systems. They will then be called upon to furnish a basis for modern living and to sustain the progressive reforms of modern life. When that pressure falls full upon them it will crack them to pieces. That is taking place before our very eyes. "All our customs are in the cooking pot," said a Hindu to a friend of mine one day. He meant the melting pot, but it didn't matter. "If we change all these customs, what happens to the authority of our sacred books wherein these customs are rooted and approved?" asked a discerning Hindu in Gandhiji's paper, Young India. The whole thing is summed up in the words of

the head of an orthodox Hindu college, spoken to me rather pathetically one day: "The intellectuals of South America are not the only ones who have found tradition losing its hold with nothing to take its place. Some of the rest of us would like to find new sanctions in the place of the decaying old."

There seem to be four alternatives before the soul of the East: First, the old religions, reconstituted and modified, providing sanctions for a progressive future. Second, secular civilization, the method that Turkey is trying. Third, Bolshevism, anti-religious and iconoclastic of the whole present order. Fourth, Jesus Christ, furnishing a basis of human living adequate to stand up under the modern stress and providing a moral and spiritual dynamic for personal redemption and for human progress.

I dismiss the first three as unworkable. I do not dismiss them lightly, but I am compelled to do so after looking into the soul of the East in our Round Table Conferences. Nowhere, except in Jesus Christ, did life seem to catch its rhythm, its harmony, its way to live. Outside of him there were left only the weird and the wistful: the weird was unthinkable, the wistful was unsatisfied. The future of religion is bound up with this Man. If we cannot be religious after the mind and Spirit of Christ, we cannot be religious at all. The lines in the East are converg-

ing upon this alternative: Christ or secular civilization. But the soul of the East is too spiritually inclined to be utterly secular, and we have reason to hope that the ultimate issue will be Christ. "We are now face to face with Him," said a thoughtful Hindu doctor to me one day.

That leads me to the last reason for thinking that we are on the verge of a spiritual awakening —religion is now becoming Christ-centric. As long as religion was denominational-centric God could not trust us with power. Had he done so, it would have run into a denominational megalomania. Nor could he trust us with power so long as religion was bound up with Westernism and its supremacies. Had he done that, it would have run into religious imperialism. But if religion is Christ-centric, if to be a Christian is to be Christlike, to catch his mind and Spirit, then I think God can back that with power to the utmost. We do not "step on the gas" if the car is turned toward the ditch. We apply power only when the road is open before us. Religion has an open road in Christ, and power applied will issue in good will, in self-abandoning service, in human brotherhood, in making individuals and society Christlike. God can trust us with power here.

To sum up:

My reasons for believing that the world-

ground is being prepared for a spiritual awakening on a widespread scale are these:

The scientific attitude, with its demand for fact, is a soil upon which our gospel can come to its own, for it is founded upon fact and appeals to and produces fact;

The trend toward experience leads us straight toward the heart of the gospel, for the genesis and genius of that gospel is experience;

Underneath the agnosticism and materialism of our day runs a note of wistfulness that will burst into a seeking for God if we can bring to it a gospel that is adequate;

Every other way of life is breaking down, except Christ's way; this is seen especially in the East, where the entire foundations of life are giving way under modern pressure;

The issues are now being cleared, religion is becoming more and more Christ-centric and God can trust us with power to the utmost if it is to be used to make us Christlike.

If this is anywhere near a correct statement, we can see at a glance that the center of that situation is a demand for experience. If that be true, then it heads us straight toward Pentecost, where experience becomes immediate, living, morally and spiritually transforming, God-filled, aflame and adequate to meet life. At Pentecost Jesus' announcement of the central purpose of his coming was fulfilled: "I am come

that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." They had life and they had it abundantly. And life is the one thing a seemingly living world needs.

"'Tis life of which my nerves are scant,
More life and fuller that I want."

The first Hindu youth I talked to after my return to India said, very thoughtfully: "India has everything but life. You Christians have it."

But have we? Potentially, yes. Actually? I question.

At Pentecost potential life and actual life were fused into a living whole. As I believe that to be the dominant need of our age the theme and purpose of this book will be: Pentecost, the meeting and fusing of potential and actual life.

CHAPTER II

THE CHURCH BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

THERE is nothing new in saying that we live in an age of transition. Someone has facetiously said that when Adam and Eve were going out of the garden of Eden Adam turned to Eve and said, "My dear, this is an age of transition." The oldest known bit of writing in the world is a piece of papyrus in a Constantinople Museum. On it is written: "Alas, times are not what they used to be. Children no longer obey their parents and everyone wants to write a book." "We are suffering from transition," said a Bengali youth. He felt that we were suffering from it as one does from measles. Transition does seem to be as recurring as measles, and every age suffers.

Nevertheless, no one can get down amid the currents of this age without feeling that the thoughts and ideas and tendencies flowing there are not ripples on the surface, but something that is changing the whole fundamental outlook on life. We are in the throes of a passing from traditionalism to life based upon the authority of facts, of truth, of experience. This whole tendency sends life straight to the doors of the Christian Church, and there it stands waiting

for some clear word of guidance, some note of certain experience of God, of the way to live, of power over evil and self, of victorious human living, of a human brotherhood.

Can the church speak that word out of the depths of its own radiant sense of God, out of its own experience of victory in life, out of its deep sense of sureness amid a world of clashing change?

I wish I could answer that with a clear-ringing "Yes," but my intimate contact with thousands of ministers in our Retreats, with the general church life in East and West, compels me to say that the church is largely unready for this hour. If the whole demand for experience heads us straight toward Pentecost, candor compels me to say that the church is not living in Pentecost.

It is living between Easter and Pentecost. Easter stands for life wrought out, offered; Pentecost stands for life appropriated, lived to its full, unafraid and clearly and powerfully witnessing to an adequate way of human living.

The church stands hesitant between the two. Hesitant, hence comparatively impotent. Something big has dawned on its thinking—Christ has lived, taught, died and risen again and has commissioned the church with the amazing Good News. But something big has yet to dawn in the very structure, make-up, and temper of the

life of the church—Pentecost. Easter has dawned; Pentecost has not. If the church would move up from that between-state to Pentecost, nothing could stop it—nothing!!

Now it is stopping itself by its own ponderous machinery. Whenever we have been troubled in conscience about our spiritual impotence we have added a new wheel—a new committee or commission, a new plan or program, and in the end we have found that we have added one more wheel, but with little or no power to run the old or the new. We become busy—devastatingly busy—turning old and new wheels by hand-power, by sheer hand-power instead of lighting central fires. So much of this is forced, nerve-wearing, instead of spontaneous and healing. Pentecost is not a living fact with us.

Hence we worship machinery instead of winning men. I once came down from Almora over one of the worst winding roads of the world. The driver of the bus had never driven in the Himalayas before, and it happened that on his first trip the previous day he had almost gone over one of those terrifyingly precipitous cliffs. He was nervous, so before starting back he came around in front of the engine and stood with folded hands saying his prayers to the machine. That done, we started off, but had not gone far when the engine began to overheat. There was no water in the radiator! This was remedied.

But when we were still many miles from our destination the machine stopped while going up a hill. There was no petrol in the tank! There we stayed until rescued. The driver said his prayers to the machine, but put no water in the radiator, and no petrol in the tank. We ran on left-overs—and stopped. How often we worship the machinery of our ecclesiasticisms, depend on left-overs that have come down to us from the sacrifices of our fathers, neglect the sources of power, and then stop dead!

Imagine the early church with Pentecost eliminated! Imagine those men going out to interpret that wonderful message, but themselves not inwardly corresponding with that message! That hiatus would have been their paralysis. It is ours. Pentecost made the men and the message one, hence their power. We cannot imagine the church with Pentecost eliminated. For there would have been no church. Here the church was born. True, there had been the period of gestation, for this holy thing lay within the womb of the purpose of God and was nourished by the life and teachings of Christ; the cross was the birth-pain; Easter heralded the coming birth, but Pentecost was the birthday. On that day was born the New Humanity. A new type of human being came into existence as different from ordinary humanity as ordinary humanity is different from the animal.

But suppose for a moment there had been no Pentecost. The situation would have been impossible for them. Here were men commissioned to proclaim a crucified Jesus as Saviour and Master; they were to replace the present world-order with a new world-order, the kingdom of God, and all this in face of a deep hostility—with their pre-Pentecost resources an impossible task. Without this inner transformation and moral re-enforcement we would expect to find them just where we do find them: It was evening on that day, "the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews." A church behind closed doors! A church living between Easter and Pentecost is always behind closed doors.

They had ringing in their ears the most gracious word that ever broke into human life—the gospel; they had seen the most perfect exhibition of living that this planet has known—His life; they had witnessed earth's most terrific and decisive moral struggle—his death; they had found their sadness turned into joy over the most transforming and astonishing fact in history—his resurrection; they had seen wounds that would heal wounds, a death that would banish death, a resurrection that would raise a world into new life; they had looked into that Face, so tender, so triumphant, and had heard him commission them to go share this with the

world, and what had they done? With all of this back of them, what had they done? They had shut themselves up behind closed doors for fear. They had the message the world needed and awaited, the one message that would heal the sin-hurt of the world, and yet that message was shut up behind closed doors.

The only power that could and did get them out from behind those closed doors and loose them and their message upon the world was Pentecost. It was not enough for them to see Him and to hear him say, "Peace be unto you: As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." His presence and his commission were not enough, for a week later we find them still behind closed doors. His assurances and his commission did not get them out. Only Pentecost got them out. For up to Pentecost the whole thing was on the outside of them, objective, something spoken, acted before them. It wasn't *in* them. At Pentecost this gospel came within them, became identical with them—what they had heard and seen and what they were became one, hence they became irresistible apostles of a mighty passion.

The church to-day is behind closed doors for fear. Pentecost has not closed the hiatus between its message and what it is, so with resources too inadequate to face life it closes the doors for fear.

The church has often stayed behind closed systems of thought for fear of the scientist. Afraid that the scientist will explain away things that have become precious to us, we clasp our faith to our bosoms to protect it, forgetting that our faith does not need protection—it needs proclamation. If it is real, it is its own protection. If it is not real, then the sooner we find it out the better. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." There is only one refuge in life and that is in truth and reality. If our faith can be broken, the sooner it is broken the better. So I have taken my faith and have put it out these years before the non-Christian world and have said: "There it is, brothers; break it, if it can be broken. Only the truth can make me free." It is glorious to watch your faith rise out of the stress, resplendent, shining, shining the brighter the more it is smitten. The truth does make us free.

In Buenos Aires I saw a beautiful monument. It was erected to Christopher Columbus, whose statue stood upon the top. In front at the base stood a figure of Liberty—her torch aloft; on one side of her stood Youth looking with eager face toward the dawn; on the other was Learning, her face thoughtful, an open book before her; below these figures were strong muscular men pushing at the prow of a boat, depicting the boat of human progress; this whole side of the

monument evidently designed to show progress. It was all eager, and faced toward the dawn. On another side were two men caught in the coils of serpents. One had succumbed, his face was upon his hands, a broken, defeated soul; but the other was putting up a great battle. He was uncoiling the serpent about him and there was a look of hope in his face as he looked toward the rising sun. This side showed the fierce moral struggle that men undergo. On the opposite side was a pagan figure with the world in his hand. At the back of the monument, faced toward the setting sun, was the figure of Faith, a palm branch in one hand, an anchor in the other, her face placid and calm, *her eyes blindfolded.*

I said to myself: "Faith, what are you doing here, faced toward the setting sun? Why aren't you around on the other side of this monument facing the rising sun? You should be the soul of liberty, the inspiration of youth, the heart of learning, and strength and courage to those men who push the boat of human progress into the future. And, Faith, what are you doing to help those men in their moral struggle as they battle with the serpents of passion and lusts too strong for them? And why are those eyes blindfolded?" This is not Faith, this is credulity. Credulity is blindfolded. Faith is open-eyed, eager to know the truth that shall set men free. No wonder paganism holds that world on the

other side. Faith might seem superficially to rule men, but a submerged paganism will really rule unless Faith ceases to be afraid and looks at life open-eyed and frank, comes around in front and assumes the moral leadership, because Faith thinks beyond, experiences beyond, and goes beyond all human life.

In Valparaiso, which means "the Vale of Paradise," I saw the beautiful harbor strewn with the hulks of wrecked ships. I wondered why there was so much wreckage in this Vale of Paradise. I was told that the harbor though beautiful is subject to terrific storms which break in from the sea, and that the only safe thing to do in a storm is to weigh anchor and make for the open ocean. Ships that hug the safety of the harbor are almost invariably wrecked. Safety comes in the open sea.

If religion hugs its safe harbors and gazes upon its entrancing vales of paradise, the wreckage of the future will be terrible. Had I not seen the wreckage of faith in that very Vale of Paradise? The whole of the intellectuals were estranged from religion, turning to arid agnosticism or blindly groping amid cults that promised a way to live, because the church had imposed its authority instead of teaching men to find the authority of truth through experience. The only safety is in the open sea, where we have inward resources that can outride any storm of criti-

cism or any search for reality. The open sea is our home. Our gospel came out of life and it speaks to life. But it does more—it triumphs over life. "Faith is not belief in spite of evidence, but life lived in scorn of consequences." "I am afraid of safety," said Paul in *Dawn* when they asked him to flee for safety. Both physically and spiritually his inner surety was his safety. But the church to-day has not realized that fact, so it is, in large measure, behind closed systems of thought, clamped down, hard and fast, for fear of thinkers and scientists.

The church is behind closed economic systems, fearing to offend wealthy contributors.

Modern life is organized on behalf of those who have and against those who have not. In an acquisitive society money is the golden key that unlocks privileges, education, position, and power. We know in our heart of hearts that this is wrong and unchristian. It cuts straight across Christ's mind. Yet the church is so dependent on that acquisitive society for its economic maintenance that it locks itself behind a closed economic system. Concerning any looking toward justice and fairness, say the one word "Bolshevik" and most of us take to cover. We are afraid, so we close the doors.

The church is behind closed doors of race exclusiveness for fear of losing white prestige.

A new kind of religion has been evolved: the

religion of being white. Yet our own Master was probably not white. A friend made this statement in a public address and a lady came up at the close pale and trembling with emotion. Jesus not white! The bottom had dropped out of her religion. I repeated this statement before a group of ministers, and a friend at the rear heard an excited and involuntary exclamation come from the lips of a minister: "That's a lie." But it is probably the truth. We liken Jesus to the modern Jew, who is white. But the modern Jew has been two thousand years or more under cover and has been bleached out. To see the farmer Jew of that day we must see the modern nomad Arab. The Arab is decidedly colored. The Roman officer took Paul for an Egyptian (Acts 21. 38), and the Egyptian, ancient and modern, is colored. "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem," said an ancient Jewish biblical writer.

Huntington, in *The Character of Races,* says that the European and consequently the American is made up of three strains: the Caucasian, the Mediterranean, and the Negroid. The cold winters have bleached out the Negroid color, but this strain has left its traces in the curly hair. (Let me hasten to say that my own mother had beautiful curly hair, and I'm proud of it!) Whether this statement of Huntington be true or not, we may be certain that the races

are mixed—beneficially so. We may also be reasonably sure that Jesus was not white. Yet many hold to what virtually amounts to the religion of being white. It certainly is not the religion of Jesus.

The church has not fearlessly and uncompromisingly taken its stand against race snobbery. Unless it does it cannot lead in a world where the superstition of blood will surely fade and the fact of character take its place. For the most part we are now behind closed doors for fear of white prestige and supremacy.

As we are behind the closed doors of race exclusiveness so we are behind the closed doors of national isolation for fear of being called unpatriotic.

We have the feeling that "above all nations is humanity," that narrow patriotisms are behind international uneasinesses, that it is this spirit that blocks disarmament, that fans trivial sparks into national flames and into international conflagrations. We know that this is the thing that is bedeviling the world situation today—we know this, and yet we haven't the moral courage to speak out against it lest we be accused of committing the modern unpardonable sin—being unpatriotic.

The world situation is crying to high Heaven for someone to lead out of the narrow, vicious circles in which we have become entangled to a

human brotherhood, and the church could do it. But it is afraid of being called unpatriotic, and shuts the doors.

The church is behind closed doors of mere routine of ritual for fear of breakdown.

The early church was spontaneous. No one knew what it was going to do next. Now you can anticipate what the church will do. It is in ruts, and "a rut is a grave with both ends knocked out." But ruts are so safe! When life ceases to be spontaneous we groove it in order to be sure we have something. We do have something, but whether it is life is a question.

On my trip to America I was struck by the growing grandeur of the houses of worship and the increasing ornateness of ritual and liturgy. The feeling seemed to be that the millennium lay just on the other side of an elaborate new church building, a vested choir, and stately processions. If life lay along this line, then Roman Catholicism would have it, for it makes Protestantism seem amateurish in this realm. Europe is filled with stately cathedrals and stale Christianity, with religious processions and with religious paralysis. No, this is not the way to life; and yet, feeling the emptiness within, we add to the outer, hoping that the appearance of life will make life appear. History says it does not. Nevertheless, we close our doors behind "safe" ritual for fear of breakdown.

Akin to this is the fact that the church is behind closed doors of unshared personal experience for fear of failure.

How few in the church share their personal spiritual experience with others! And yet that was the basis upon which the whole method of evangelism was founded in the early church. "There is no doubt," says Harnack, "that the early church won all its victories by informal missionaries." They were spiritually contagious. They infected others with God.

But to-day we find it easier to pay the minister to be our proxy. It is easier—and more deadly. The church becomes a field instead of a force for evangelism. And that field soon becomes dry and dead, for it is a law of the mind that that which is not expressed dies. All expression deepens impression. As someone has put it, "Impression minus expression equals depression." Our churches are filled with spiritual depression because there is so little spiritual expression. "No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic, no heart is pure that is not passionate," no Christianity is Christian that is not Christianizing.

I heard Woodrow Wilson end a speech with this climactic sentence: "We must loose American business upon the world." I inwardly commented, "We must loose the gospel upon the world." But we shut it within our hearts,

afraid. "I was afraid, and went and hid my talent," said the man in the parable. Fear had paralyzed him. He remained an undeveloped spiritual being because his spiritual life was unshared. Our churches are filled with spiritual dwarfs for the same reason. We call it reticence; its real name is barrenness. We need nothing so much as we need a passionate personal evangelism that will take men out from behind closed doors and impel "each one to reach one."

Nothing will be more tragic to the church and to the world than for the church to close itself up, encase itself in its own inner activities, while the great stream of the world's life flows past it and the church is not at its center. Our one problem is to loose our gospel upon the world.

CHAPTER III

THE LOST CHORD

Do not take the edge off my cry by telling me that some have moved out from behind closed doors, that there are brilliant and blessed exceptions, that there are those who have moved up from that between-state to Pentecost and are illustrating its meaning. I know it. And I am so deeply impressed by it that I would see the whole church there. Those brilliant exceptions only make the shadows darker by contrast. The church has not moved up.

It is quite true that some have moved out from behind closed doors. For instance, many religious thinkers to-day do take fearless attitudes toward truth. They are frank and open. Nevertheless, one cannot escape the feeling that while they have come out from behind closed doors many of them have stopped this side of Pentecost. They are frank and wistful, but not full and winsome. They lack the clarion certainties of Pentecost.

Someone looked at a well-executed painting and thoughtfully said, "Its perspective is good, its colorings are brilliant and correct, its conception is splendid, but it lacks *that*," snapping his fingers. It lacked life. A correct picture but—*flat*. It is one thing to have truth; it

is another thing to have living truth. The modern thinker may have discovered truths—he lacks the fire of living truth.

Someone has said that the modern church is suffering from "the paralysis of analysis." It can dissect life, but cannot give it. It knows everything, except how to live and to live abundantly. It has learned to deny; it has not yet learned to affirm. It knows how to ask searching questions, but knows not yet how to send men on a quest for certainty.

"The centipede was happy quite
Until the frog for fun
Asked, 'Which leg comes after which?'
It threw him into such a fright
And raised his mind to such a pitch
That he lay distracted in a ditch,
Not knowing how to run."

Many modern religious thinkers are in a ditch, and they know it. Many can tell the processes by which they slid there. A mechanistic psychology undertakes to explain life in terms of mechanics. It seems so plausible. Many listen, question; and then the creeping paralysis and the ditch. Much of modernism has discovered processes, but not power; it knows biology, but lacks life; it has found truths, but is not possessed by the Truth; it is penetrating, but not Pentecostal; it has found right attitudes, but insufficient altitudes. It lacks sky.

"For a year I lost my sky," said a very dear earnest Christian friend. "I was so eager to have the church accept a plan for a more vital Christian life that when they turned a cold shoulder to it something withered within me and I lost my sky. For a year I grubbed in the drab earth without a sky. And then I got it back." His face showed that he had.

I will not say that the church has lost its sky, and yet—and yet I fear sometimes that if there is sky, it is small and overcast. And sometimes it is not there. Then we grub amid duties, we plod amid tasks, we fumble and grumble—something has gone wrong. We have no sky. We have no sky into which we can grow, and into which we can stretch strong hands of prayer, and, listening, catch the music of the spheres. Hence we sigh when we might sing.

Before Pentecost the disciples had little or no sky. They were bound and bounded by self-interest. A step or two outside themselves and they had reached their horizons. And "then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest," and this took place as Jesus was offering them a limitless sky—the kingdom of God. As if one could discuss his own greatness while he gazed into a limitless Sky! In that hour, if you really see it, only the Sky is great. The way to get rid of your own self-importance is to get under and be in fel-

lowship with a Sky so big that you are "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Pentecost did that for the disciples. It hasn't yet done it for us, hence we are still taken up with trivialities, such trivialities as our own position and place and power. In the Federated Malay States you can see men, grown men, sitting on the ridges of the rice fields and fishing in a foot of water. Within sight of them the great ocean rolls, but there they sit and fish in rice fields. I have sat in great conferences and have heard the ponderous debates on trivialities, and involuntarily the thought has forced itself upon me—"Fishing in rice fields." And all the time the great world problems were roaring in our ears: the demand for God, for healing from sin-hurt, for human brotherhood, for social and economic reconstruction, for world evangelization. There is where we should be fishing. It is dangerous, but worth while.

One could not listen in at the Lausanne Conference without feeling that often in these solemn debates they were fishing in the shallow waters of ecclesiastical tradition and catching little minnows of polite and pious wishes for reunion while dodging the supreme issue of losing one's life to find it—and all the time before Christendom a war-torn world, suspiciously armed to the teeth, with another conflict in the offing. The whole situation demands a healing

word, coming from the depths of reality, but the church cannot say it, for it is taken up with prestige as the nations are. The nations know it, shrug their shoulders, and set their brains to work upon more poison gases and upon more appalling weapons.

Fishing in rice fields! It is true that some interesting little fish are caught in those rice fields. They are called "the fighting fish." I saw some of these militant little fellows in glass bowls. When one bowl was set up against another the very color of the fish would immediately change. They would turn red with anger and would back off and fiercely charge the other fish, bumping against the side of the bowl. This warfare would go on until one was defeated, in which case he would turn black and sink to the bottom of the bowl in despondency. Fishing in rice fields means that we have not only caught a lot of *little* fish, but a lot of *fighting* fish. Each in his ecclesiastical bowl reddens with importance and pugnacity and we fight our battles over what? Orders, rituals, rites, and prestiges! And when we settle them we settle no more than those little fish settled in their mimic warfare.

Pentecost saved the disciples from the trivial, the marginal, the irrelevant. Henceforth they saw real issues, they had "a sense of what was vital," they knew where the real battle lay.

In the early days of Jaipur the city was situ-

ated on a hill within a fort. There was the Raja's palace and there were the temples. In the meantime the city has moved some miles away, down on the plains. But if you go to the hill, you can see ragged sentinels standing with rusty swords before empty palaces and priests sacrificing goats before deserted altars. The city has moved on and has left sentinels guarding emptiness; has left religion standing beside deserted altars offering meaningless sacrifices. Down in the city the throbbing problems lie and religion is out of touch, high and dry.

We desperately need something to bring us to where the real battles lie. We may be militantly guarding emptiness and pompously sacrificing on dead altars, while all the time the battle center has moved on. The damnation and elimination of the Pharisees lay in this: they were earnest religious men, but they tithed mint and anise and cummin while a world of human need demanded justice and mercy. If religion is eliminated from the thinking of many, it will not be because it is bad but because it is not worth while.

Again and again I have said that if I had one gift to give to myself and to the church, I would give the gift of courage. Nothing, it seemed to me, was so desperately necessary as to get the church out from behind the closed doors of its routine, out into those streams of life where

issues throb and where battles mean something. Again and again I have seen an ounce of courage bring forth a pound of result. Courage was the need, so it seemed to me. But I have changed my mind. I have come to believe that courage is a by-product of something deeper. The reason we fear is that we haven't sufficient inner resources to meet life. Life with its demands is too great for us. We lose our moral nerve. It is useless to try to get rid of that fear by saying that there is nothing to be afraid of. A Hindu student, who was urged by a friend of mine not to be afraid of the idol which he was about to remove, replied, "My mind tells me there is nothing there, but my heart is very afraid." You might have told that band of disciples, behind closed doors for fear, that since Jesus had arisen from the dead there was nothing to be afraid of. But that would not have taken them out from behind those closed doors. There was only one way to get them out and that was to raise the tone of the inner life so that they were inwardly a match for outer circumstances. Pentecost gave them that inner adequacy. Inner life became adequate for outer life. Henceforth nothing could stop them. Fears fell away as irrelevancies. Out of that Upper Room which had been the place of fears they burst with the glad Good News. They smiled at poverty, rejoiced under stripes, were elated at their hu-

miliations, sang in midnight prisons, courted death and shared with every man, everywhere, their own abundant life. God had matched them against that need and they were spiritually adequate.

I see nothing, absolutely nothing, that will get the church of to-day out from behind closed doors except it be this one thing—Pentecost. Increase the ornateness of its ritual as you will, improve the quality and quantity of its religious education as you may, raise the standards of qualifications of the ministry as high as you can, pour money without stint into the coffers of the church—give it everything—everything except this one thing that Pentecost gave, and you are merely ornamenting the dead. Until this sacred Fact takes place, preaching is only lecturing, praying is only repeating formulas, services cease to be service—it all remains earth-bound, circumscribed, inadequate, dead.

These penetrating words are true: "When the Holy Ghost departs from any set of opinions, or form of character, they wither like a sapless tree." (Ed. Ewing, in Mrs. Oliphant's *Life,* p. 178.)

But the church has shied away from Pentecost. It is afraid of it. The teaching concerning the Spirit is the most vague and uncertain thing in the life of the church.

"It is the undiscovered country of Christian-

ity, the dark continent of the Christian life," says Arthur Hurd, "the land where our spiritual resources lie, but lie undeveloped."

There was a time when the Christian Church celebrated Whitsunday, the anniversary of the coming of the Spirit, more than it did Christmas, the anniversary of the coming of Christ. Now Whitsunday has largely dropped out. Did we find it was easier to celebrate Christ's birth than it was to be born again? Was it easier to commemorate his coming into the world than it was for us to go with his message into the world? Did it cost less to give gifts at Christmas than to give ourselves at Pentecost? Christmas is the festival of God with us. Pentecost is the festival of God in us. Is he more with us than in us?

Go through Palestine and you will find that the Christian Church has fastened on almost every important event in the Old and New Testaments and has commemorated them by the erection of a Christian shrine. But none has been erected in commemoration of its own birthday, Pentecost. Did it seem too remote to commemorate?

At any rate, whatever the cause, there is, in Christianity, a lost chord, and that lost chord haunts us. Until we get it back our spiritual lives will be more wistful than winsome, more plaintive than passionate.

That lost chord is Pentecost.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT HAPPENED AT PENTECOST?

WHAT is it that has made the church shy away from Pentecost? Why is it, when you speak to the modern church about Pentecost, that cold shivers go up and down the spines of cultured people?

I announced the theme of Pentecost before a group of highly trained ministers, and at the close one of them, the head of an examining board for young ministers, said to me, "When I heard you announce that subject I said to myself, 'Good gracious, are we going to have some more rant?'" The head of the examining board for young ministers looks on Pentecost as rant! What has happened?

Well, for one thing, Pentecostalism has hurt Pentecost very badly. The queer have "queered" Pentecost for us. So much so that one is tempted to leave out the word altogether. But words as well as people need to be redeemed. The church is largely responsible for this situation, for in neglecting this most essential part of the gospel the hungry-hearted have gone off into irresponsible groups. Here rampant emotionalism has often been identified with Pentecost. And the thinking mind of this age is

rather hard on religion as rampant emotionalism. They ask the searching questions, "What is the emotion worth?" "How does it issue in character?"

The tragedy of all this is that we cannot do without emotion in religion. Emotion is the wind that fills the sails of the soul and drives it to its destination. I am not afraid of the winds of heaven filling the sails of my soul, provided there is a Hand on the rudder—provided He has my will and my intelligence as well as my emotion. But an overemphasis upon emotion in these groups has made the church react against a religion in terms of emotion. This reaction has brought on an appalling sterility and spiritual deadness in the church. Spiritual anæmia has set in.

There is no doubt that the divine purpose was and is that Pentecost should be normal Christianity. But we are largely subnormal. When one is physically subnormal he is much more susceptible and more easily succumbs to disease germs which he would normally throw off. Many things are upsetting us—trivialities about our own position and power; pettinesses in the church life harass minister and people. We are spiritually below par, hence these things that we would normally throw off as irrelevant are upsetting us. It is true that in the name of this beautiful fact of Pentecost some have gone up

above normal into fever. And when one goes into fever he often talks irrationally, sometimes deliriously. And because some have gone into fever it has frightened the most of us into an anæmic condition. Because some have gone above, we have been frightened into living below. The sane, wise Christian thing to do would be for those who are below and those who are above to return to normal—that normal, Pentecost. For Pentecost, as I shall endeavor to show, is sane, normal, spiritually healthy human living.

The second thing that makes Pentecost difficult for our thinking is that the framework in which the Gift came at Pentecost seems very remote and out of harmony with the thinking of this age. Cloven tongues like as of fire, the sound as of a rushing mighty wind, the place being shaken, speaking in other tongues—how remote all this seems from an age of culture and scientific training! What has all this to do with finding God, with the business of living ethically, brotherly, of bringing the kingdom of God on earth? And is God to be found in the aberrations of nature and not in its dependablenesses? Tell an audience of average cultured Christians that they would hear the sound of a rushing mighty wind, would find the place shaken, that cloven tongues like as of fire would sit upon the head of each and that they would speak in tongues, and that audience would probably ask,

"Well, what's the use of all this?" They probably would, all except the type that usually dabbles in the occult or in spiritism, and that type does not seriously count.

The wrappings of the Gift that came at Pentecost have seriously affected its wide acceptance. They seem to have called the attention away from the central fact—finding God in transforming intimacy and power. The Jews at the time of Christ fastened upon the lowly wrappings in which he came and lost sight of his central moral and spiritual significances, and there ensued national disaster and spiritual bankruptcy. The church to-day is losing sight of or rejecting the fact of Pentecost because of its framework; and the consequent moral and spiritual disaster and bankruptcy is the greatest tragedy of the Christian centuries. I know of no call so urgent as the call to get down beneath the phenomena to the fact at Pentecost. What is that fact?

One very interesting book on Pentecost says, "Just what was implied by the expression 'the gift of the Holy Spirit' we cannot say with certainty." Cannot say with certainty? And this after two thousand years? Doctor McGiffert, in his book, *The Apostolic Age,* says: "Pentecost was the inauguration of the evangelistic activity of the Christian Church, when the disciples began the work to which they believed themselves

called by the risen Lord, the work of witness-bearing. . . . It was not the coming of the Spirit, but the testimony of the disciples, that constituted the great central fact of the day, the fact that makes the day historic." But this seems to me to take one element and make Pentecost mean that. Had not the disciples witnessed to Christ before Pentecost? And the seventy also? True, after Pentecost there was a quality and power in their witness that had never been there before, but their mighty witness at Pentecost and the subsequent days was the result of a deeper fact. The witness was a by-product. The witness they gave was the result of the witness they received, that witness a sense of God in immediate experience.

Scott, in his able book, *The Spirit,* answering the question, "What happened at Pentecost?" says that it was "the creation of The Fellowship," the Fellowship where walls between Jew and Gentile were broken down. This Fellowship, "called into being by the Holy Spirit, was prior to the organized Ecclesia: it was related to it as the life to the organization." The creation of "The Fellowship" was indeed one of the outstanding things, if not the outstanding thing, that emerged from Pentecost. But certainly this is not what happened at Pentecost. This Fellowship was the result of something deeper.. That deeper something was that they had found

God. And God not as a fleeting idea, but as a living fact of experience; God, "no longer marginal and vague, but focal and dynamic"; God, no longer coming to them in awful Sinais and in stern prophetic word, but God tender, intimate, face-to-face. The exquisite sense of the Divine Presence spread healing and freedom into every portion of their being. The long quest was over, they were now at home in the home of the soul—God.

Another fact merged with this one. Christ, their Master, had gone away. He had left them alone. But he hadn't; he was with them! More intimate, more real than they had ever known him—he was with them! There had always been that moral and physical barrier between him and them; now it was gone. In the intimacies of a fellowship almost too deep for words they could whisper "Saviour," for the dark ugliness of sin had been purified away in the fire of his presence.

There was the merging of the sense of God and of Christ in experience. In their experience they could not tell where one ended and the other began. They found they could turn as easily to one as to the other. Moreover, God was no longer localized at Sinai—in national epochs, in being the God of a chosen people. In their experience he was universalized. The same was true of Christ. They could no longer

think of him merely as the Teacher who taught them on the hillsides and companioned with them along the shores of Galilee. He too was universalized. Did they not commune with him along all ways now? And did not their hearts burn within them on every road now? He was no longer merely the Christ of the Galilæan Road, nor even the Christ of Emmaus Road—he was THE CHRIST OF EVERY ROAD. He was there! He was everywhere! He was within!

God and Christ were both merged and both were universalized in their experience, so they said, "The Spirit." They knew God and Christ through and in the Spirit. "The Spirit is the method of Christ's presence," says Moberley. The Spirit is also the method of God's presence. The Spirit is thus the method of the presence of the Christlike God with human spirits.

They could think of God no longer except in terms of Christ. Christ had put a new content into God—he was now a Christlike God. And they could think of Christ no longer except in terms of God—he was now a Godlike Christ. They could think of neither Christ nor God except in terms universal and experimental, hence the Spirit.

Sometimes they said, "The Spirit of God," sometimes "The Spirit of Christ," sometimes "The Holy Spirit," sometimes "The Spirit." As Robinson says: "The Spirit of God had become

so blended with the person of Christ that there is practically no difference for Paul between the indwelling Spirit and the indwelling Christ and he can indeed speak of the Lord the Spirit."[1] Thus a doctrine of the Trinity grew up, not out of formal thought, but out of the realities of experience. They were trying to express the inexpressible—the inexpressible, but the knowable and the realizable.

The localized and far-off God and the limited and absent Christ were now universalized and available in experience—the experience of the Spirit.

The greatest hour of human history had dawned. God was utterly available to human need. The barriers were all down.

[1] *The Christian Experience of the Holy Spirit*, p. 135. Reprinted by permission of the author and James Nisbet & Co., Ltd., publishers, London.

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH WE SEE LIFE

WHY was the Spirit given at this particular period of human history and under these particular circumstances? He seemed to come with abandon, as if pent up for ages awaiting this particular moment. True, there were touches and intimations of the Spirit in all ages and in all nations. But at Pentecost there was not intimation, there was inundation. Why could he now come with utter abandon?

The reason is not hard to find. He could not come until the Norm had been fixed in the minds of men—the Norm that would tell them what the Spirit is like and what moral content could be put into the term. For what God is like determines what we should be like. "Show me your gods and I will show you your men." If our ideas of God hold a moral misconception, then the whole of life is under moral misdirection. It will, therefore, be better to have no idea of God than to have a false one. In all ages God has been thought of in terms utterly misleading and false.

"Why do you Christians raise the question about the moral character of Krishna? Look at his power," said a Theosophist to me one day.

I could answer that I was not interested in power as such. The day of irresponsible power is over. The moral character of power is the all-important.

I once came from a great meeting in a Hindu theater where I had poured out my heart to the non-Christian audience about the cross. In that hour we faced the self-giving, redeeming God. Our hearts were moved and melted before this Love Divine. I went straight from the meeting to the train. As I came to our compartment, I saw a great crowd surrounding it. The center of attraction was a Swami and his chela, or disciple. The crowd surged into the compartment and kissed the Swami's feet. I turned to his chela and asked who he was. He replied: "He is God. He can tell you anything you want to know." I listened with astonishment, for I could see at a glance that the Swami lacked physical co-ordination. He dragged himself into the compartment, his arms jerked convulsively, his eyes rolled, and he paid no heed to the crowd that bowed and touched his feet. After the train had pulled out amid cries of, "Swami ji ki jai" ("Hail to the Swami"), I asked the Swami to tell me certain obvious things. He replied in a painfully disconnected way, for his speech was unco-ordinated, that his head was tired. I called a well-educated Hindu to my side and said: "My heart is sinking within

me. If this man were normal, you wouldn't look at him twice. But because he is abnormal you fall at his feet as God. This strikes me like a blow, for what hope can I have of the future of the country that I love if you run after the weird in this fashion?" My educated friend agreed that these superstitions must be cleansed. I tried to sleep, but could not. The scene was haunting me. The lights were out in the compartment, but I could see the Swami seated opposite, puffing cigarette after cigarette. After midnight my educated friend got up and sat beside the Swami. I could see them silhouetted against the night sky. The educated man's face was all eagerness. All his education had dropped away and he too was under the spell of the uncanny. All through those night hours I could not rid my mind of the thought: Here is God conceived as the Weird.

I once went to call on one of the famous devotees of India. He is a highly educated man, the center of an influential cult. I asked if I might see him. I was told that I could not, for he had not been seen by anyone for eight months, except for two minutes on his birthday. I asked what the purpose was and received the reply, "He is realizing himself as Divine." I asked further whether it had been accomplished. The reply was that "it would be," that "he was on the verge." As I went away I could not help feel-

ing that here was the Divine conceived as the Great Silence, the Vast Aloof.

I went at midnight to see a festival of god-realization. One man fantastically dressed was being carried on the shoulders of others before an idol shrine, which was also carried on the backs of men. He would maneuver before the idol, going back and forth, and at the moment when the spirit of the idol entered him he would shake from head to foot and a shout would go up from the crowd. A goat would be sacrificed and a cup of its hot blood passed up to the now god-possessed man, who would drink it to satisfy the spirit of the god within him. The god could only be satisfied with blood. I turned away sick at heart—here was God conceived as the Terrible, the Blood-thirsty.

Again, a Hindu friend writes to me: "When one comes into that Nirvana state, where no mood exerts any influence on him, the Jiva [lower life] unites with the Supreme Divinity and they are one. Then he is in that stage which is *sans* care, *sans* thought, *sans* everything, where pure essence only prevails." Here is God, so emptied of attributes and relationships that he is conceived of as the Supreme Indifference, almost the Supreme Emptiness.

And think how men misconceived God even in the history of Israel, where the highest conception of God was found among men. A mother

was explaining to her little girl about the murder of the Amalekites. She said that revelation was progressive, and that now in Jesus we were told to love our enemies and to do good to them that despitefully use us. The little girl thought a moment and then her face lighted up and she said, "Now I understand—this back here was before God was a Christian."

Think how partial, limited, racial we have made God. A man stood on one of the peaks of the Alps and when the sun went down below him it threw a huge shadow of him against the sky. Very often man has projected an enlarged shadow of himself into the heavens and has called that God.

Among the Greeks, Meander said that "sheer fluke was probably God," and Aristotle said that "to love God would be improper." Neither would have said that had they caught the meaning of Christ.

It is obvious that God could not give himself fully to men until the Norm had been fixed. Suppose he had done so while distorted and false ideas of himself were in the minds of the seekers. What would have been the result? In giving himself in those circumstances there would have been fixed in the mind of the seeker the belief that God is like the image the seeker has in mind. This would have made God stand back of the false, would have created a false universe,

would have set up false standards of human living. Divine Love must withhold until Divine Love can fully reveal.

What do we really want to know about God? His omnipotence? It would frighten us out of our senses to realize that. His omniscience? We could not understand it even if he showed it. His omnipresence? The wings of our imagination falter and fall limp in following such a conception. It would do us no good to know any of these even if God could reveal them to us. Then what do we want to know? We want to know what his character is like, for what he is like we, his children, must be like. The revelation we need is the revelation of the moral character of our Father. If this is our central need, how could this be done? There is only one way it could be done and that is to live it out in the same circumstances in which our characters are made and lived out. It must be Lips like our lips that shall speak the word, a Life like our life that shall show us Life, and Hands like our hands that shall throw open the gates of life to us. We must see the Life, if we are to seek it. Have we seen it? Has the Life been lived?

Religion had hardened into cold formulas; the dead hand of tradition reached out of the past and held everything under its paralysis; the leaders of religion had ceased to be prophets of the new day and had become priests of the

things of yesterday. God was conceived as the Infinite Exactor of meticulous etiquette. The finished product of religion was the Pharisee standing in the temple thanking God that he had fulfilled this religious etiquette and that he was therefore not as other men. Then there quietly appeared, out of the obscurity of a country village, and out of the lowliness of a carpenter's shop, a Man. When he presented himself to be baptized at the river bank, the Baptist, so stern and uncompromising with others, fell back before the quite unassuming dignity of this Man and said, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" There was something about the Man that made the best of men feel that they were in deepest need. And yet the worst of men felt drawn to him. Here was goodness attractive, winsome, compelling. As I once read to a highly educated Hindu, "And the publicans and the sinners drew near to hear him," he exclaimed: "Of whom else could that be said? Sinners drawing near to the Holy One! Why weren't they afraid of his goodness—afraid that it would punish and destroy them? They drew near! Here was goodness that was approachable." Yes, the Hindu was right. Here was goodness that was not meticulous, but merciful, not standing on pedestals to be worshiped, but bending in lowly service over the lost. Here was goodness not pharisaical, but

friendly, not terrible, but tender. And yet in that very tenderness and friendliness there was a regal something that made men's consciences flutter and tremble like an aspen leaf. Children sat upon his knees, and yet strong, hard Fisherman Peter, stricken in conscience at the moment of greatest fishing prosperity, found his knees giving way under him and crying in spite of himself, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Never did majesty and meekness so blend and become so beautiful as here.

And never did word and work so blend in harmony as they did in him. They blended like the words and music of a song. He taught men, and his words had the ring of reality about them. Others quoted authorities; he taught with the authority of his own insight. Others came seeking truth; he came proclaiming it. Truth gushed forth from his soul like a fountain from a hillside. Others worked their way to truth through the logic of syllogism. He used no syllogisms. He announced self-verifying truths. He did not argue them, but left them to argue themselves—as light appeals to the eye, as duty fits the conscience, as beauty speaks to the æsthetic nature, as love goes straight to the heart. And men listened to these words as if they were hearing some long-lost chord, something that belonged to them, that belonged to the very structure and make-up of their being.

They felt that this was the soul's homeland. His words made sin seem so unnatural, so extraneous, so incapable of fitting into living.

He taught them! But not by words alone. His words held the content of a contact. He lived with them and before them, and in his words they heard the Word—the Word that he was. When he spoke of love they knew what it meant, for they had seen it—had seen it in his face, his deeds, in him. When he spoke of God they felt his presence, for he came not proclaiming God; he brought him. For once the gap between the word and the work was completely bridged. In him they were one.

He taught high things—he lived higher. He taught men to turn the other cheek—the servants struck him on one cheek and he turned the other and let the soldiers smite that. He asked men to go the second mile when compelled to go one. They compelled him to go one mile from Gethsemane to the Judgment Hall; he went with them twain, clear to the cross. He asked them to give the cloak also; they took his coat at the Judgment Hall and he gave his seamless robe at Calvary. He asked them to love their enemies, and when they had nailed his hands to a cross so that he could no longer heal them, he could do one last thing: he could die for them. And he did. But before he died his prayer was, "Father, forgive them; for they

know not what they do." His love was complete and so was his life. Even in torture's grasp there was no confession of moral lapse, only of moral completion: "It is finished."

Here was Goodness not only approachable and irreproachable—it was serving. We have said this so much that it has become commonplace. But when I look on Religion and Goodness girding itself with a towel and stooping to wash the feet of humanity I am looking on the utterly new. I search in vain through the non-Christian systems for one authentic note of the self-giving, serving God. True, there is service as a royal dispenser of favors and benefits; but this is deeper, for here is service by a Servant. He did not merely bend over to hand out, he bent over to get under. He stooped under the poverty and the toil, the sin and the shame, the troubles and the trials—under the very lives of fallen men, and when there was nothing left to get under, he got under the cross and bore that for them.

Here was One who showed by word and by work, by trial and by triumph, by smiting and by smile, by goodness and by service what the Heart of the universe is like. And when nothing else seemed to be left to be shown he let them tear his heart asunder on a cross, and when men looked into that wound they read one word, "Love." Looking up through that wound to the

universe they knew that at last they had found its meaning: "Love."

By the trailing smoke men in aeroplanes write out some message upon the sky, which the wind soon blows away. Jesus, by his life, wrote out against the eternities the imperishable message, "God is love," and nothing can erase it. Nor can anything transcend it. "If we are to come to God by love, then Jesus is inescapable," said Sir ———, a Hindu, to me one day. He was right. "You can find parallel principles in the Gita and the Upanishads," said the Hindu vice-principal of a college, a very great poet, "but you cannot find the nectar of the life of Christ in either of them." Nor anywhere else. Some Freethinkers in Canada met in conference to try to find a way to live other than Christ's way. They thought freely about everything, including the Ten Commandments, but after two days of discussion one of them, a young woman, naïvely asked: "Well, where are we coming out? Is there any constructive suggestion as to the way to live? The only thing I see is that we should think of the other person when we act."

"Umph," sneered someone, "that's only the Golden Rule."

After two days of freethinking life had led them to a word of His lips. After two thousand years of freethinking and free testing of the way to live, life finally brings us out at this Life.

"The thing that strikes me about Jesus Christ is that you cannot escape him," said a Japanese student, thoughtfully. You cannot escape him —not if you want life.

We know now that God is like this that we have seen in Jesus. He is Christlike. And if he is, he is a good God and trustable. If the Heart that is back of the universe is like this Gentle Heart that broke upon the cross, he can have my heart without qualification and without reservation. I know nothing higher to say of God than that he should live like Christ. "The question to my mind," said a Yale professor, "is not as to the divinity of Jesus but as to whether God will act like Jesus." Strange, a Man lived among us, and when we think of God we must think of him in terms of this Man, or he is not good. We may transfer every single moral quality in Jesus to God without loss or degradation to our thought of God. On the contrary, by thinking of him in terms of Jesus we heighten our view of God. All those who have tried to think of him in other terms have lowered and impoverished our idea of him. The highest adjective descriptive of character in any language is the adjective "Christlike." The highest compliment we can pay to God or man is to say he is a Christlike God, or he is a Christlike man. Says Professor Lewis, "If God is not such as meets us in him, then God cannot greatly

concern us at all. If he is not this, then he is less than this, for he cannot be more. But more we do not need, and with less we cannot be content." The issue has gradually brought itself to this: If we cannot be religious after the mind of Jesus, we cannot be religious at all. It is Christ or nothing.

The Norm has been fixed, we now know what goodness is: it is Christlikeness. If so, then sin is un-Christlikeness. That fixes a standard by which evil may be judged. Anything that departs from his mind and purpose is sin. Hinduism has no such standard, so we find the Mahabharata saying: "A man should expiate the sin of the student who rises before the sun; the man with a rotten nail or with black teeth; the man who marries before his brother; the man who kills a Brahman; the man who speaks evil of others." Here is a mingling of the sublime and the ridiculous. There is no Norm.

In some of the universities of the West it is taught that everything is fluid, including morals, that there are no fixed points. But in Jesus Christ we believe we have discovered a fixed point; we have a foothold in our moral and spiritual universe. We know now what God's life is and what man's life ought to be—Christlike.

Let me hasten to say that if Christ is a fixed point, the point is most unfixed. He is behind us in history. He is beyond us in fact. If Christ

is God's final Word, he is also God's unfolding Word. The Goal is a flying Goal, hence never surpassed, never outgrown. New light constantly breaks out from his person. Christlikeness holds as the standard for God and man.

Now for the application of all this to the matter we are considering: If God is a Christlike God, then it follows that the Spirit is a Christlike Spirit. The same content of character will be in both. Then if the Spirit lives within us, he will not make us other than Christlike. "The fruits of the Spirit are the virtues of Christ," said the great Schleiermacher. If we are made other than Christlike, it is some other spirit that possesses us—the spirit of weakness, of folly, of clannishness, not the Holy Spirit. For the Spirit will not make us other than Christlike.

Did Jesus ever speak in tongues? Did he ever go off into any visions or dreams? Did he ever traffic in the merely mysterious or occult? Was there anything psychopathic about him? Was he not always poised, always balanced, always sane? Was he not always upon the essential, the worth-while? Was he ever misled by a subordinate issue or did he ever take a by-path? Was there about him any rampant emotionalism? He was indeed tremendously emotional, but was it not restrained and directed emotion—directed toward human need?

To ask these questions is to answer them. Then why is it that, with Christ as the essence of poise and balance and with the Spirit as a Christlike Spirit, we have the fear that to be filled with the Spirit is to border on the queer?

The reason is that again and again the teaching concerning the Holy Spirit slips away from Christ and becomes filled with other and marginal meanings, and that again and again it has to be brought back and filled anew with the content that Christ put into it. The Spirit was to be "another Comforter." Note the "another." He was to be just like Christ. And Christ, the Man of the Burning Heart, was also the Man of the Balanced Heart. So the Spirit brings poise, balance, integration, symmetry, and consequent power into human life.

We can now see why God could not give the Spirit "without measure," why Pentecost could not happen until the Norm had been fixed. God could not trust us with power until he was sure that it would make us Christlike. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit," wherein there can be no excess, for we can never be too Christlike. Here God can stand back of us with power to the utmost. But without this content of Christlikeness he can do nothing. He is morally bound to do nothing. It would be disastrous if he did trust us with power. The reason why we sometimes

cry to a silent Heaven is that it would ruin us if heaven opened and backed our wrong attitudes with power.

The fact is that I have never seen anyone find spiritual power who did not seek something deeper. Spiritual power is a by-product of the Spirit in the life, making that life Christlike. To seek for spiritual power is very liable to send one off on those tangents of self-glorification and self-assertion that lead straight away from the Christian ideal. To seek for the spirit to be made Christlike sends one to a self-surrender that leads straight to the heart of the gospel—a cross. Christ's power lies in a cross: "If I be lifted up [on the cross] from the earth, I will draw." Our power lies in that same cross. Only those who know how to take up the cross for the world know how to move that world.

God waits, then, until we move to a cross-centric which is a Christ-centric attitude. He waits till Christ becomes centric in our thought, in our purposes, in us—then the sluice-gates are opened. Then we know the exquisite sense of being filled with the Spirit and of being made adequate to live and to live abundantly.

To gather up the thought of this chapter: the foundation has been laid for Pentecost, a Pattern of Christlikeness has been fixed. The Spirit will make us Christlike.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH LIFE MEETS LIFE'S ENEMIES

THERE are four pillars upon which Christ's gospel rests: his Life, his Cross, his Resurrection, and his Coming into the lives of men—Pentecost. The gospel rests upon *all four*. Take any one away and you have a crippled gospel—a gospel insufficient to meet human need. The theme of this book is Pentecost, but I dare not discuss Pentecost except in the light of the other three, for Pentecost isolated is Pentecost emasculated. And it is equally true of any of the others.

Some lay the chief emphasis upon his life, others upon his death, others upon his resurrection, and still others upon his coming into the souls of men—Pentecost. But when one pillar is heightened by emphasis and the others lowered by lack of emphasis the temple of Christianity built upon them leans threateningly, or, worse still, topples into ruin. Our gospel rests squarely upon all four.

We have looked at the first: his life. We have seen that the Norm of human and divine life has been fixed, and we have said that the way was clear for an utter coming of the Spirit into the souls of men. Clear? Not quite. Two things

more were necessary before that fact could dawn.

We saw that it was necessary that Jesus should step out before us to show us how to live. There has been a renewed emphasis upon this in modern days and we are called to "the Jesus way of life." There has been a throwing of emphasis from Jesus as the way of salvation to Jesus as the way to live. "Are you a Jesus-thinker?" asked a bereaved Hindu lady of a missionary lady. There is a deep insistence that we be Jesus-thinkers, that we look at life through his eyes, that we think his thoughts, take his attitudes and launch out upon "the Jesus way of life." The insistence is that we view people, human relationships, social problems, economic policies, and such a matter as war from his standpoint. The plea is that we take "the religion of Jesus" and not "the religion about Jesus." This insistence is a reaction against the attitude that would appropriate something from Christ called salvation, but would leave the essential attitudes of life untouched. It insists that we take from Christ our cue as well as our cure.

One cannot but sympathize with this insistence. An emphasis on it was long overdue. But at the same time one cannot but see that to stop here with Christ as the supreme Example is to miss the heart of the gospel. The type pro-

duced under this teaching, while it is earnest, is strained. It has its fists clinched, its jaw set, and its motto is, "We are going to fight it out along this line if it takes till death." It lacks that inner sense of poise, of inner drawing from the Divine, of inexhaustible spiritual resources. It seems outward and shallow. And it is. It lacks depth.

Moreover, this call to follow Christ as example can appeal only to the comparatively strong, to the morally élite, for to preach Christ as Example to ordinary humanity is to lay a further paralysis upon an already paralyzed will. Sinful men need not merely the Gospel of Example, but the Gospel of Expiation. As Jowett says, "Peace must precede moral growth." Unless a nail-pierced Hand is laid upon our troubled conscience to restore us to fellowship with him we cannot move out to a following of him. There must be a cross in our gospel.

That leads us to the second pillar upon which our gospel rests: the cross.

How we have covered up the cross with theories and overlaid it with argument and have missed the simplicities that lie there!

Once I went to meditate in the moonlight on the top of Gordon's Calvary. I climbed over a surrounding stone wall, up a steep way through two barbed-wire entanglements and up

another steep path before I reached the top. And when I arrived there I found myself sitting on a tomb. How we have surrounded Calvary with stone walls of adamantine theory, placed barbed-wire entanglements of exclusively correct doctrine, made men climb narrow paths of impossibly steep propositions, and when we have arrived at the top we have only a tomb—a dead doctrine about a dead Christ!

All the time a deep simplicity beats here. In a home where love meets sin, if that love be a pure love, at the junction of that love and that sin suffering ensues, a cross is set up. And the purer the love the more poignant the cross. This is not something extraneous and imposed on life; it is written in the make-up of our being and in the constitution of our relationships. It is the very nature of love to insinuate itself into the sins and sorrows of others. All loving goodness in moral natures has "the doom of bleeding upon it." It cannot be love and stay out; and if it gets in, it suffers.

This world is a human family; God is our Father. He is Love, and when that Love meets our sin—as it did in the incarnation—at the junction of the two a cross is set up. That White Love crimsons into a cross. God being what he is and we being what we are, the cross is inevitable. This is not something read into the account by loving hearts. It is written in

the constitution of the nature of God and in the inner inevitabilities of our relationship with him.

Now, in the home where that love meets sin and a cross is set up, that suffering is vicarious. What should have fallen upon the guilty one falls upon the innocent one. This takes place not by a mechanical transference, but by a vital acceptance. Love accepts it and takes it upon itself because love is love.

And when the Divine Love meets our sin and the cross is set up, that suffering too is vicarious. What should have fallen on us falls on him. I cannot explain it, but I see it and share it.

That mother was right when she said to her sisters who went to the churches in the early morning to worship before crucifixes: "Why do you worship before these dead crosses? See, here is the true living cross," and she stretched wide her arms till they made a cross. She was right, for here was motherhood, suffering, saving, giving herself even to a cross for the sake of the children. The Father-Mother God is not essentially different, except that when we see his arms stretched out upon a cruel cross we know that the suffering is infinite because the love is infinite.

Goethe once said, "If I were God, sin would break my heart." Sin did break God's heart.

The pure-souled Christ, dying on a cross of a broken heart, tells us that. For here was

> "The world's sin and sorrow forced through
> The channel of a single Heart."

It broke it.
Here was

> "A Nerve o'er which did creep the
> Else unfelt oppressions of the earth."

And that Nerve felt so deeply the three oppressions of the earth—sin, suffering, death—that his contact with them turned to a torturing cross.

He came that men might have life and that they might have it more abundantly. But three things kept men from knowing life; three things shadowed and shattered life—sin, suffering, death. All his teaching, all his living, all his miracles, all his tragedy at Calvary were to get rid of those three things. He hated sin. He hated suffering. He hated death. When he performed miracles of healing upon suffering men it was not, as some have thought, to attest his claims to divinity. He healed them because he hated suffering. He simply could not bear to see men suffer. But he knew that he could not rid the world of suffering by individual healing, so he went deeper, went to the utmost limit and at the cross became suffering that men

might be saved from suffering; became sin that sin might be ended; became death that death might be banished. He took it upon himself.

These lines touch me deeply:

"They borrowed a bed to lay his head
When Christ the Lord came down;
They borrowed the ass in the mountain pass
For him to ride to town;
But the crown that he wore and the cross that he bore
Were his own—
The cross was his own.

"He borrowed the bread when the crowd he fed
On the grassy mountainside;
He borrowed the dish of broken fish
With which he satisfied;
But the crown that he wore and the cross that he bore
Were his own—
The cross was his own.

"He borrowed the ship in which to sit
To teach the multitude;
He borrowed a nest in which to rest—
He had never a home so rude;
But the crown that he wore and the cross that he bore
Were his own—
The cross was his own.

"He borrowed a room on his way to the tomb
The Passover Lamb to eat;
They borrowed a cave for him a grave,
They borrowed a winding sheet;

But the crown that he wore and the cross that he
bore
Were his own—
The cross was his own.

"L. M. N."

It is beautiful poetry and I love it as such, but I wonder, I wonder if there were anything more completely not his own than that cross. The bed, the ass, the bread, the dish of broken fish, the ship, the nest, the room, the cave—they were all his. Was he not the giver of all life? But this cross—this cross, it was not his. He had done nothing to deserve it. It was not his. *It was yours and mine.*

The old African chief was right when, for the first time, he heard the story of the redeeming God, he jumped to his feet with tears streaming down his cheeks and cried: "O Jesus, away from there, that is not your place! You have done no sin. It is not your place. It is mine." We may not say it so dramatically, but we do feel it none the less truly: it is our place, not his. The sin was ours, the suffering was ours, the death was ours, but he made it all his—to end it.

I sat on the floor in the Ashram of Gandhiji and listened to an address given to a small group of the International Fellowship. I listened with appreciation to the advice he gave, for it came from a great soul. But all the time he was speaking I could not keep my eyes from a

little picture on the wall just above his head. I could scarcely make out its outlines, for it was turned toward the shadows, but I soon saw it was a picture of Christ upon the cross. Strange that the picture of the Crucified should be here in the Hindu Ashram. But why strange? The cross is written in the constitution of our universe—why shouldn't it be there in the Hindu Ashram? As Gandhiji went on speaking, a gentle breeze came through the window and turned the little picture from the shadows toward the light, and before he had finished a sunbeam from the window was falling upon the Crucified and he was luminous. As Gandhiji finished his address he turned toward us and said, "Will you sing that hymn?" and when we asked, "What hymn—'Lead, kindly Light'?" he replied, "No. 'When I survey the wondrous cross.'" There we sat—Hindu, Moslem, Christian—and those of us who knew it sang it, some of us with deeper meaning than ever before.

Above the head of the finest giver of the finest advice is this cross. It stands for something more than good advice, it stands for Good News. The philosophers may enlighten me, the moralists may instruct me, the prophets may inspire me, but my need is deeper. I need a Saviour. For I am deeply hurt—sin-hurt. So after the best of men have spoken their advice, and even after the Best Man had taught and shown me

by his example how to live, I know that my need is not yet met, its depth has not yet been reached; I find myself gazing on a cross and my lips are framing the healing words:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

This cross has been turned toward the shadows. The shadows of controversy, of legalism, of narrow partisanship, of greed and unbrotherliness have been obscuring it. But a gentle breeze of the Spirit is going through our hearts and is turning that cross from the shadows toward the light, and that cross is becoming the one luminous spot in our universe—a place where through his becoming suffering for us we find our happy souls singing down the years, through his becoming sin for us we find ourselves sin-healed, through his becoming death for us we find ourselves with life—abundant life.

We are now another step nearer Pentecost. His life showed the way, his death cleared the way—to life.

CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH LIFE TRIUMPHS

WHEN Jesus hung upon the cross there trembled upon his lips a tragic question, "My God, why?" It seems as though all the questions that haunt the mind of man were gathered up in that question, "My God, why?"

The cross raises and meets—and meets adequately—the supreme question before the mind of man—his moral need, his sin. This question is central and decisive, but it is not the only question concerning life, and had the gospel stopped there and not raised those other questions about life that afflict and often paralyze the very souls of men, it would have been an inadequate answer to life. Fortunately for the race, the cross does raise all those other questions and raises them in an acute form. At the cross these questions were asked not by a philosopher in the quietness of scholarly seclusion, as is often the case, but they were gathered up in a suffering soul and a suffering body so that out of the heart of pain came the question, "Why?"

The question as to whether goodness can live in a world like this was raised that day. Will the universe back goodness? Or is it supremely indifferent, or, worse still, hostile? Does the

universe care whether Caiaphas is on a judgment seat and Christ is on a cross? Barabbas means "son of the father," and according to a well-authenticated reading his surname was "Jesus," so that he was Jesus, son of the father. Our Saviour Jesus was also Barabbas, "Son of the Father," but one son goes free though his hands were stained with blood; the other Son goes to a cross though his hands had blessed little children and had touched sightless eyes and had healed them. Does the Father care anything about his sons? The most searching question we can ask about the universe is whether a moral purpose runs through it or whether it is supremely indifferent to moral ends. Never did a conjunction of events raise this question more acutely than when the gentlest Heart that ever beat was breaking on a cross.

How far can slander go? They had lied about him, and now their lies prevail. We have been taught that the universe is built for the success of truth; but here it seems to be supporting lies.

Again, how far can faith in people go? Can men be depended upon at all? The Man who was most tender and faithful to men finds himself forsaken by men. "They all forsook him, and fled," says the bitter account.

How dark and discouraging can things become without any word from God whatever? "Let be," said the crowd, "let us see whether

God will come and save him." And he did not. Have we not cried to mute heavens and have not cavernous depths thrown back our voices upon us, unanswered?

"My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,
So dark that men cry out against the heavens."

How worth while is human life? Is this whole world in which we live a scene of maya, illusion? Was not Buddha right when he pronounced existence and evil as one? Is not pessimism the only attitude we can take toward life? Do we not want release from life rather than its continuance? Is not the death-day happier than the birth-day. Was the actor right who when dying said to those about him, "Let down the curtain, the farce is done"? The Jews wanted Jesus to be taken down from the cross lest he spoil their feast day. Does not Jesus, hanging on a cross, spoil our feasts of shallow optimisms about life?

A home life is built up out of tender relationships, out of weeks and months of prayer and pain, out of self-givings too gracious for words, out of loves that seem to make life worth while and beautiful—and the end? The mother is turned over to the care of a penniless stranger and the Son gasps in torture upon his cross.

My God, why?

Have we never seen our life-work, built up

through the patient years, fall to pieces around us and leave us nothing—nothing except our cross? That is what happened that day to him.

And just when we needed God most, needed the balm of his presence to make bearable our wounds, needed one little ray of light to reassure us amid the gathering darkness, one word to tell us he was there, even that was denied.

My God, why?

From the parched lips of Jesus came that day the question that gathers up all the questions that are wrung from our pain-parched souls to-day.

Is there any answer? Certainly, none that is written out—none that comes to us from God in the logical style of the philosopher. And if there were, I'm not sure it would be an answer. It would be academic, and our questions are not academic. Our questions are life-questions and demand a life-answer. Has Life answered?

Yes!

If Calvary raises these questions, Easter morning answers them. The cross raised the questions, Easter morning raised the Man who gathered up the questions in himself. If life has spoken its hardest, cruelest, bitterest, most pessimistic and despairing word, Life meets it fairly and squarely and answers it. The answer to the raised questions is the raised Christ. Life's last word is not a cross but an Easter

morning. What are scars, if at last they become radiant? What is a cross, if at the end it lifts me? What is pain, if my pain becomes a pæan? What are separations if I come back more completely and fully than before? What is man's slander, if God affirms? What can winter do, if spring beats in my veins? What of Calvary, if just beyond it lies an Easter morning?

I know now that life can speak no harder word than it spoke at the cross, and I know now that Life can speak no more adequate word than it spoke at the resurrection. He is risen! Let that word suffice.

Here is a complete affirmation to life—to the whole of life, including the physical. Do not tell me that he arose spiritually and that this is the meaning of the resurrection. This leaves more than half my questions unanswered. For if the only victory here is victorious spiritual survival after death, it leaves behind the whole question of the worth-whileness of life in the body, the worth-whileness of the whole fabric of the earth-side of existence. Unless we can be firmly convinced that human life here and now is a good thing, we will never be able to give ourselves whole-heartedly to life, to its reforms, and to the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth. If Jesus' resurrection were only spiritual, it would lead us to feel that the victory lies on the other side of the grave, and this

would drain off the best thinking from palpitating human problems to a looking and longing for release from them. Religion would thus throw open the gates to escape, not the gates to life. But in the physical resurrection of Jesus we find a mighty affirmation to the whole physical side of life; the spiritual victory is to be an embodied victory; the whole force of religion is thrown not to the other side of the grave, but to this side; religion is to be back of the belief in life and is therefore behind life and its uplift. Its aim is the kingdom of God on earth. It is a *Yes* to human life, and not a *No*. The resurrection, therefore, affirms in one supreme act the whole of life—the physical and the spiritual, the present life and the future life—and affirms it in the face of its supreme denial—the cross.

"Religion, an opiate to the people," so the Soviets say. Not if Christ is religion. On the cross he refused the deadening drug offered to him. Had he taken it, he would not have needed to cry this cry. But he met the whole issue with brain unclouded and nerves unsoothed, and he raised these questions to high heaven. And he answered them! Religion is not to be an opiate —it is to be open-eyed, even if those eyes are blurred with the tears of pain.

The hoary East smiles at the optimisms of the Christian and says: "It comes out of your contact with the young and inexperienced West.

Wait till you have seen more deeply and have felt how cruel and bitter life can be, then pessimisms will take possession of your spirit too. Then Buddha's litany will become yours and you will be glad to have him throw open the gates of Nirvana to you." This would be true had there been no Easter morning in our history. Easter morning stands for an optimism won out of the heart of pain. Our gospel is the most pessimistic of faiths in that it dared to look at life through a cross, but it is the most optimistic of faiths in that it now looks at life through an Easter morning. It puts an unconquerable courage at the heart of life, so that whenever the real gospel is accepted, there life lifts up its head, there it refuses to be beaten; it finds its moral courage to live.

The non-Christian faiths have no Easter morning in them. Hence pessimisms lie like a paralyzing pall upon the souls of these great peoples; they have lost their moral nerve to live, reforms languish or are sporadic, religion does not stand behind life. It offers to make one indifferent to life and finally to escape from it. A modern philosopher says that Neo-Platonism was a deification of the word "Not." It therefore died. That word "Not" has been deeply deified in the East: "Neti," "Neti"—"Not that," "Not that"—is the highest that can be said of Brahma. And the highest that can be affirmed of life is its

virtual negation. If religion approves a negation of life, it will die, for we want and need nothing so desperately as life.

"We have a proof in our religion that you haven't in yours," interrupted a Moslem one day while the Christian preacher was speaking, "for when we go to Arabia we can find the tomb of the Prophet, so that we have proof that he lived. But when you go to Jerusalem you cannot be sure you have the burial place of Jesus. You have no tomb as we have."

"True," replied the preacher, "we have no tomb in our religion because we have no corpse."

Our gospel ends not in a corpse, but in a Conqueror; not in a tomb, but in a triumph. And because of this very fact a radiant optimism lives at its heart. It is a gospel of *in spite of.* It does not depend on *the-account-of's,* for it can live on the *in-spite-of's.* And live radiantly.

We move sadly along the road to Emmaus. The cross has shattered our hopes and our universe. "We had hoped" are the only words left out of the shattered yesterdays, and these are upon our lips. A Stranger joins us. And while he talks with us and walks with us something happens to us—our hearts begin to burn within us as he talks with us by the way. Life seems to be different—anything, everything seems possible. We who walked the Way of the Drooping Heart now walk the way of the Burning Heart,

because we walk with the Christ of the Emmaus Road.

And as we walk with this Christ of the Emmaus Road we are on the now open road to Pentecost.

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH LIFE BECOMES AVAILABLE

THE three things necessary before this Gift of Gifts could be given had now been accomplished; Life had been shown in his life; Life had suffered that the three things that cripple life—sin, suffering, death—might be cleared away; Life had utterly overcome in the resurrection, and now Life was ready to be given. Pentecost could now bring the climactic facts to men. He lived, he died, he arose, he gives himself in experience—these four facts stand together and constitute our gospel. To lose any one of the four is to lose the gospel. This is a self-evident fact.

To take the first three, but to stop short of the fourth, is the supreme tragedy of present-day Christian living. We emphasize his life, his death, and his resurrection. The consequence is we have an objective gospel. It lies in history —not in us. And because it lies in history and is objective the characteristic of Christian living is dimness, a sense of far-away-ness, unreality. Ask the average Christian to-day wherein lies his greatest problem in Christian living and the reply will probably be: "I believe it, but do not know it; I remember Christ, but do not realize

him; to me it is all dim and unreal." His prayer is,

> "I ask no prophet ecstasy,
> No sudden rending of the flesh,
> But take the dimness of my sight away."

It is true that we may find the Christ of the Emmaus Road joining us now and again, and while he is with us our hearts do burn within us and we do recognize him in the breaking of the bread. But he is soon gone. He leaves us with a beautiful memory, but that beautiful memory turns to an inner ache, for he seems so fleeting, so furtive, so unsubstantial, so unavailable. This is true of all pre-Pentecost experience.

Even the Christ of the Emmaus Road is not sufficient, for while he is triumphant, he is still in history. He must become THE CHRIST OF EVERY ROAD, especially the Christ of those Inner Roads of Personal Life and Experience.

The sixth chapter of Romans vividly describes the potentialities of the Christian life in view of what Christ has done for us by his life, his death, and his resurrection. Our hearts beat faster as we hear it. But they turn cold within us when we see that on the very heels of this description of the sixth, the seventh chapter ensues with its litany of defeat and despondency and death. Why this appalling contradiction? The reason is not hard to find—the Spirit is not

mentioned in the seventh chapter. He is not a working factor there. It is pre-Pentecost. But the eighth ensues, and there the Spirit becomes a living factor—he is mentioned nineteen times—the whole spiritual climate changes. The litany of defeat turns to a litany of victory, and the happy soul wings its way through those abounding verses. The eighth chapter is normal Christianity. So naturalized have we become in a pre-Pentecost state that we take it for granted that the seventh is the best that the gospel can offer and that nothing more is expected of us than to moan and drone: "We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and there is no health in us." No health in us? There is health in us if the Spirit lives within us. We have no business to be living subnormal, unhealthy, anæmic spiritual lives and call them Christian. They are sub-Christian. Our greatest difficulty is not antichristianity, but this sub-Christianity. It takes the facts of Christ's life—his life, his death, his resurrection—but not the living fact of Christ. To take the first three and miss this is, I repeat, the supreme tragedy in present-day Christian living.

Paul says, "I do not frustrate the grace of God." He took everything that grace offered him, he did not annul or frustrate the grace of God by stopping short. We do. All stopping

short of Pentecost is frustrating the grace of God at the vital point. We stop at the very point where all the rays of Divine Love passing through the prism of his life, his cross, his resurrection, center and fuse into experience, an experience in which the soul is kindled into flame.

Since we have seen that the four stand together, and that failure to pass on from the first three to the fourth results in spiritual tragedy, we are now in a position to inquire what really did happen at Pentecost.

Certainly, something did happen, something very decisive. Draw a line through the New Testament and on one side is spiritual fumbling, hesitancy, inadequacy, defeat, and on the other side is certainty, courage, adequacy, victory. That line runs straight through Pentecost. When we read the Acts of the Apostles, which is taken up with the doings of the apostles after Pentecost, we are struck with the incongruity between the apostles and their acts. Here were very ordinary men doing extraordinary things, thinking in an extraordinary way, leaving an extraordinary effect in the changed lives of men and society. The very temper and spirit of their lives was extraordinary. They seemed to have found power by which to live. And far from being rampant emotionalism the striking thing is their amazing balance and sanity. They burned

with zeal, but they met issues and crises of the most far-reaching consequences and met them with poise and insight. They picked their way through intellectual and moral bogs and quagmires and marked out paths which we to-day tread with safety and salvation. And, more than that, they brought to bear upon life a power that redeemed men and made them immediately God-conscious; that changed the moral and spiritual climate; that turned dull, drab life into the spiritually gay and taught a sad world to sing—and to sing *in spite of*. Dean Church tells us that the joy that throbs through early Christian literature is one of the most solemn things in history. Life in the Spirit, he says, had convinced men that at last the routine of sin and vice had met its match, that a new and astonishing possibility had come into view. He declares further that men not merely here and there, but on a widespread scale, could attain to that hitherto hopeless thing for the multitudes, goodness.

Something extraordinary did happen at Pentecost. What was it?

I am persuaded that two outstanding things happened. First, God, the Living Spirit, became to them immediate, experimental, vital—overwhelmingly so. In the fires of that Living Presence the old self-life was burned up, their interests became merged with his and henceforth they had one passion—Christ. One desire,

thereafter, consumed them—to share him with men.

Second, religion here broke its fetters and became universal. I used to think that with Paul our gospel broke its cramping Jewish fetters and became universalized. I am persuaded this came before Paul. It is true that Paul worked out the implications of the universalities at Pentecost, for his chief emphasis was upon the Spirit—upon the Spirit and not upon "justification," as has been so largely held. His emphasis upon the Spirit made it easy for him to think in terms universal, for where "the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"—liberty from the inner fetters of self and liberty from the less-than-universal ideas and customs.

At Pentecost religion penetrated to the inmost depth of personal need and then rebounded to universality. Never was religion more personal, never was it more universal and social. It met and solved the needs of a Man and showed itself capable of meeting and solving the needs of man. It gave inner freedom and a world-view. The personal experience at Pentecost has a cosmic setting. This is important, for no religious experience can continue to be valid unless it fits in with the sum total of things. It must have a cosmic setting if it is to be personally satisfying.

We have looked on the experience of Pente-

cost as having depth; can we also look on it as having breadth? The conservatives in Christendom have been insisting on depth and the progressives on breadth. Will they both find in Pentecost their insistence—and more? They must if Pentecost is to meet life, for life demands that we have both depth and breadth. Depth without breadth is narrow, breadth without depth is shallow. Pentecost is both deep and broad, for it meets the whole of the life facts. It gave men an inner freedom and a world-view. They found God and a philosophy of life. But this world-view came not through philosophy, but through fact, and because of this we have missed its significance. We have been too dull to see and too unchristian to follow out the implications of Pentecost. Had the Christian Church followed out the intimations and implications of what took place at Pentecost, we would have been saved from the narrow, contentious centuries and from the graveclothes that still bind religion to-day.

Doctor Eucken once wrote to a friend these penetrating words: "If Christianity is to conquer the world, it must on the one hand return to its living roots, and on the other apply itself in ever-widening circles to the problems of the present time." When we return to those living roots do we find the facts there so universal that we can without strain apply them in ever-widen-

ing circles to the problems of the present time? Can those living roots bring forth fruit to-day without a graft of more universal ideas from the outside? Or do we find that the very life of those roots is universal life?

The more I look at Pentecost and the more I feel the life that throbs there, the more I am persuaded that with the coming of the Spirit life has been met at its depths and life has been met in its breadths—the whole of life has been met. At Pentecost we see the effects of the coming of the Spirit in their pristine purity, before these wonderful facts have been overlaid by the narrow, cramping centuries. And the immediate effects are that religion here broke into universal forms.

There was deep emotion at Pentecost, but it was a by-product of this inner and outer freedom which they suddenly found was theirs. How could their hearts keep from emotion when they experienced the immediate sense of the Divine, looked out and saw opening vistas, heard the cracking of fetters and felt themselves and their whole outlook universalized?

CHAPTER IX

PENTECOST AND THE ORDINARY

Let us look at some of the universal forms into which religion broke on that momentous occasion—the spiritual birthday of a New Race.

The account says that the Spirit came upon the group while they were in an Upper Room—a home. The home, according to tradition, was that of Mary, the mother of John Mark. The significance lies in the fact that the Spirit came upon them, not when they were in the Temple or in any other specially sacred place, but in a home, the most common and ordinary and universal place in human life.

Here was religion loosed from specially sacred places, and centered in that universal place of living, a home.

In all ages, among all people, religion has been associated with sacred places. Thousands drag their weary bodies to the banks of the Ganges, that they may die in sight of this sacred stream. I watched a woman who had measured her length on the ground for fifty miles while the thermometer was 120 degrees in the shade, that she might ring the bell in the temple in order to awaken the Divine in her behalf. I saw a Mohammedan saying his prayers

in the train. He knelt upon his prayer-mat on the floor and tried to face toward Mecca. It was difficult, for the train was winding through mountainous hills. But he was equal to the occasion, for I noticed a compass on the floor beside him, and as the train twisted he moved with it and kept facing toward the holy place of Mecca. I have watched the Jews kiss the foundation stones of the ancient Temple and groove them with their tears. The Indians of Latin America, taking long pilgrimages to a sacred shrine, can be heard crying, "Adios! Adios! Christos"—"Farewell! Farewell! O Christ"—as they leave with tears and return to their homes. They had left him behind in the sacred place.

How often we put religion into a sacred day, Sunday, and a sacred place, the church, and leave it there—embalmed! The serious thing about all this is that in making one place sacred all other places are consciously or unconsciously desecrated. The Hindu has his sacred places and then considers all the rest of life maya, or illusion. The Moslem turns toward Mecca and thereby turns away from where he lives. In India he is more devoted to Arabia than to India, more to Mecca than to man. In a Jewish synagogue on the Sabbath a man arose in front of me and motioned to me to push out of sight the pencils in my outer coat pocket. It defiled

the holy place and the holy day to have those pencils (signs of trade) in sight. A Hindu said to me when I asked him if he had found God: "Here are people who have searched for God for a lifetime and have not found—what can I expect to find in so short a time? I get up at four and go through my religious exercises and ceremonies until nine, and then I go to my business till five, and between those hours God knows what I do! But I become religious again after returning from my business until time to go to bed." That gap! Not in India alone is this done, for in putting Christ into specially sacred times and places we often leave him there and say with the Latin Indians: "Adios! Adios! Christos," and plunge into the secular with a secular spirit. That gap!

In view of this universal tendency to put God into sacred places and leave him there, it is important to remember that when God gave his highest Gift, himself, he gave it not in an especially sacred place. He gave it in a home. He made thereby the commonplace the uncommonplace.

Religion, then, is to center not in the temple, but in the home. The whole of life is to be raised to the sacred. And the gift of the Spirit is not to be associated particularly with sermons and services, but with power to live radiantly every day in every way, to lift the sordid into the sa-

cred, to make our bodies the temples of the Spirit and our homes the home of God. This is in line with the teachings of Jesus, for the home, not the temple, was the one institution he defended—the temple would be destroyed, but the home, joined together by God, must not be put asunder. The home is the hope of our race. Unless religion can be at home in the home, no amount of religion in the temple can save us.

The home was to be the highest unit of human life. The Hindu system says that the stage of the girishta, or householder, is not the highest; he passes on through this to the Sanyasi, the homeless, in which state he hopes to attain salvation. But here was salvation centering in a home and glorifying it. Unless religion can be brought in from the marginal, from Sanyasiism, from monkism, from the exceptional type—no matter how fine it may be—to the very center of life, to a home, and there made valid and vital, it will touch but faintly the future of our race. Pentecost does bring it in from the marginal and does set it at the very center of life.

I have almost run away from physical healing through prayer, and yet again and again I have been all but forced into it. In the home of an American Y. M. C. A. secretary in China I once told a story of a remarkable healing. The little daughter of eight years listened with wide-

open-eyes. At the close she calmly remarked, "Why, that sounds like a miracle, but of course it might have been only a coincidence." The dear little skeptic of eight discussing whether it was miracle or coincidence! I will give the story, for some older skeptics might like to work on it. It was this: We were having a vacation in the mountains and one of the missionary ladies, in stepping out of a boat, sprained her ankle very badly. It swelled immediately to about twice its normal size. The doctor said she would have to be in bed for ten days or two weeks. She was a very devoted worker and to spend her vacation in bed was hard. She asked her husband and me to come in and pray with her. We did so, and a few minutes after we had left the room she walked out on the veranda radiant. "I'm healed," she said, and she walked up and down without a limp. We had planned to walk the next day to another lake nine miles away, on a fishing trip. She announced that she would go as planned. She presented herself to the doctor the next day, told the story, and asked the doctor about going on this walking trip. The doctor, being wise and being Christian, said that he could say nothing against it. She walked the nine miles without a limp, and walked back the next day with no reaction.

Now, the point about the story is this: I have heard of God healing people for special Chris-

tian service, but this was for a fishing trip! Is God interested in fishing trips? Is God interested in our pleasures and recreations as well as in our duties? Is all life sacred? I know what that little incident did for that vacation: it lifted that summer into a sacrament. It hallowed our happiness. On that same fishing trip the next day we were at the lake by daybreak, and after our lines were set we were reminded that we hadn't had our morning devotions and concluded to have them sitting there. In the midst of my prayer my reel suddenly spun with a big one! The prayer was as suddenly broken off, the big one reeled in, the lines reset and the prayer resumed! There seemed to be no real interruption. Why should there be? Can't we take God into everything? We must be able to take him into everything or into nothing. To take God into everything does not mean that we lower religion, but it does mean that we lift life. To take God into our pleasures does not mean that we make God common, but it does mean that we make our pleasures uncommon. For when we apply this principle of taking God into our pleasures we will find a good many of our pleasures dropping off as incapable of fitting in. A Christian has no right to take any pleasure into which he cannot take God.

On my first trip to India I was having my evening prayer hour in my cabin as we pulled

into Plymouth. An urgent Inner Voice said, "Get up, hurry upstairs on deck." I put it aside as a temptation, for I had made it a habit not to let anything interfere with that prayer hour. But after awhile I thought I detected the Voice of the Divine and hurried upstairs just in time to see my trunk—the only possession I had in the world—go over the side into a tender. It was being put off at Plymouth by mistake. I rescued it and resumed my prayers. I had always been sure that God was interested in my going to India as a missionary. Had he not called me? But was he also interested in the baggage? Could I depend on him to see that I had baggage as well as blessing? The years have said "Yes" to these questions, for I've never wanted for a single thing that I've needed. He has never let me down. He makes every common bush flame with God, and hallows every happening.

I am glad the Spirit's coming is not associated with dark cloisters, musty corners, and dim lights, but, rather, with the laughter of little children, with the pains and problems of human relationships, with life as it is in the home. Strengthen me in my heart and in my home and let the world come on. The Spirit comes to save and strengthen both heart and hearth—an everyday Power, for everyday living.

Christ was born in a manger, the church was born in a home and finds its center there.

CHAPTER X

PENTECOST AND PERSONALITY

THERE is another phase where Pentecost lifts religion out of the limited and local and makes it universal.

We note that the Spirit came, not upon the twelve alone, but upon the whole body of the followers of Christ. Of "the five hundred brethren" who saw Jesus after his resurrection only one hundred and twenty were at Pentecost, so that three hundred and eighty believers did not elect to receive God's highest gift. These three hundred and eighty drop out of the account; we hear of them no more. The only record they leave is the record of their number. Without Pentecost we add to statistics, but to nothing else. While not all of the five hundred were at Pentecost, the principle holds good: the coming of the Spirit was not for the purposes of the twelve alone. Had the Spirit been given to the twelve alone, there would have been built up in Christianity a spiritual hierarchy that would have killed its essential spirit. A specially sacred class with the highest sanction would have been created.

But here was religion loosed from specially sacred classes and centered in a man as a man.

As the Spirit loosed religion from specially sacred places and put it in that very universal place, the home, so it was further loosed from specially sacred classes and centered in that most universal place, human personality, apart from position and calling. The Holy Spirit was given to a man and not a minister, to a person and not a priest.

This is important, for in every clime and nation religion has tended to run more and more into the hands of specially sacred classes. The Brahman in India, the mulah in Islam, the monk in Buddhism, the priest and clergyman in the West have been considered specially sacred. In making special classes sacred other men as men have been rendered non-sacred, or desecrated. This cuts straight across the genius of our gospel, for the gospel believes in the worth of human personality apart from race and birth and color and position and calling.

Someone has said that the highest test of the civilization of any country is the test of the sacredness of a person. This is not only true of a civilization, but is pre-eminently true of a religion. What does it think of a person? That is the supreme test.

Our gospel centers in a Person and it creates personality. As H. Wheeler Robinson says, "In sharpest contrast with the original Buddhist solution of the mystery of life by the elimination

of personality as an illusion, the Christian of all types finds an intensification and justification of his personality as the first result of his faith."[1]

Trace this through the teachings and life of Jesus and everywhere there is a new sense of human value. A man sat by the roadside begging, and when he heard that Jesus was going by he cried out to him to have mercy on him. The crowd, including the disciples, told him to keep quiet. They were not interested in him. He was only a blind beggar. But Jesus stopped and asked them to call him. Then they ran eagerly to him and said, "Arise, he calleth thee." They began to be interested in him when they found Jesus was. Their interest followed his interest.

As a race we had little interest in certain classes of people until we found he had an interest in them. Take the child. When a child was born to the Roman father it was often presented to him to decide whether it should be kept. He moved its arms and its legs to see whether they were normal; and if they were not, or if he did not particularly like the child, he broke its back over his knee and threw it out. It was only a baby. I saw in a Hindu temple a

[1] *The Christian Experience of the Holy Spirit,* page 27. Reprinted by permission of the author and James Nisbet & Co., Ltd., publishers, London.

figure of Shiva with his trident piercing the prostrate form of a child. "A child has been born to me, a fetter has been forged for me," said Buddha. Over against this we hear the tender, worth-giving words of Christ, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." To-day we are beginning to follow his interest in the child. It is not too much to say that practically all the emphasis upon the child in modern life can be traced back to this Gentle Heart. Even outside of Christianity this is so. "I am so glad to see you taking care of these little illegitimate children," were my words to the Hindu superintendent of a Hindu Foundling Home.

"Yes," he replied, "and we learned to care for them at the feet of Him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' "

In the Bezan text we read in Acts 1. 14 "with the women and children." It seems befitting that the children too should be at Pentecost. If they were of the kingdom of God, then the powers of that kingdom belonged to them too.

We are following Jesus' interest in the unprivileged, the low-caste. "Low-castes and dogs not allowed," is a sign on a Jain temple in Gujerat. A priest with a hard face and a policeman with a drawn sword stood before the gate of a Hindu temple in South India and let me

photograph them. The low-caste people had been forbidden to go along the road leading to this temple, lest they defile it. But they had sat for weeks and months before the barrier of that forbidden road and by passive resistance had finally won. It was the silent protest of the human against inhuman religion. But the priest and the policeman—religion and the law—stood at the temple gate blocking any further progress. The low-caste could go on the road, but they could not enter the temple. The blockade of the priest and the policeman was futile. The face of religion might be hard and the sword of the law might be sharp, but to try to stop the rise of man is impossible. And what was back of all this, in this seemingly pure Hindu situation? A Hindu protester in behalf of the low-castes writes from the scene and says, "Christ is being crucified again on the four posts of this temple." The Hindu felt that the Son of man was being crucified in the sons of man. And he was! The Hindus were consciously or unconsciously following his interest in people.

We are following his interest further. We are seeing that Jesus did not merely love people's souls, he loved people. "If those people had loved me a little more and my soul a little less, I might have been a Christian," said a Hindu student on his return from England. He knew that Christ did not go around fussily lov-

ing people's souls; he loved people and was interested in everything that concerned them. The Hindu student demanded that the Christian do the same. And he was right.

Our gospel stands for this and for nothing less than this. A man is now no longer a man, he is "a man for whom Christ died." But, more, he is a man in whom the Spirit dwells. "Ye are the temples of God." "Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost," said Paul to a crowd of redeemed slaves and libertines. They had found this highest of gifts, the Spirit, apart from the question of position and place. If the highest Gift is open to a man as a man, who shall deny to him the lesser gifts of life?

This emphasis upon the worth of human personality is done so quietly, so without strain, at Pentecost, that we scarcely catch its significance. Pentecost showed us the way to a spiritual democracy that would have saved us from contentious centuries during which Christendom struggled over orders and validities and supremacies. When the question of validity of orders and successions is being discussed I find myself falling asleep. I am simply not interested. It is all so irrelevant. For here at Pentecost the highest was open to a person as a person, and Peter and James and John stood in a position not one whit different from the humblest of seekers and believers. The Holy Spirit was given alike to all,

and this directly and immediately without the intervention of anyone.

For it must be noted that when the Spirit came *no one was leading the meeting.* Peter was leading at the time of the choice of one to take the place of Judas—a choice which was made by lot, a method which they abandoned when Pentecost gave them dependence on spiritual insight. But when the supreme moment came, Peter and the rest of the apostles were pleading, not leading; they were recipients, not channels. The same thing happened at the Gentiles' Pentecost, for the Holy Ghost fell on them that heard the Word right in the midst of Peter's speaking. Both at the Jews' Pentecost and the Gentiles' Pentecost the Gift was immediate and first hand without anyone's intervention. It is true that in Samaria the people received the Holy Spirit when Peter and John laid their hands on them, and the same thing happened at Ephesus when Paul did the same. But all this simply proves that the Supreme Gift may be given with or without the intervention of leaders. If the Spirit is given without their intervention, it would imply that no human leadership or priesthood is absolutely essential. On the other hand, if the Spirit is given simultaneously with the laying on of hands, this may mean no more than that the crisis thus precipitated in the life of the believer brought about inner condi-

tions of receptivity and self-surrender and faith and thus brought about the obtaining of the Gift. The coming of the Spirit may have been with, but it certainly was not on account of, the laying on of hands, for the Spirit came without it.

We ministers take ourselves too seriously. We are sacred only if we are sacred. Our calling is sacred only if it is sacred. By taking thought about orders and position we can add not one cubit to our stature. We are what we are. And our position as ministers gives us no spiritual privilege not open to the lowliest believer. I would not have it otherwise. I should refuse a gift not open to every other man on the same terms.

Pentecost was the sentence of death to all Brahmanism, all priestly pretension, all spiritual snobbery. If we still have pretensions, it is because we have no Pentecost.

In the New Testament a minister is a *diakonos,* literally, "one who goes through the dust"—the figure of the camel driver who walks through the dust leading the camel while another is seated on top. But we will never be New Testament ministers and be willing to go through the dust unless and until we are inwardly humbled to the dust. Pentecost does that. It strips us of all pretension, all pride, all place and makes us persons. The apostles had apostolic

power because they had no apostolic pretensions. We have taken the pretensions and have lost the power.

Pentecost laid the foundations of a spiritual democracy. And if we have ears to hear what the Spirit saith, we will find that at Pentecost were laid, not merely the foundations of a spiritual democracy, but democracy in every other realm. Here religion is behind the idea that a man is a man. God treats him as such. So must we.

CHAPTER XI

PENTECOST AND SEX

AKIN to what we found in the previous chapter and leading us along the same lines, but going deeper, is the fact that at Pentecost the "one hundred and twenty were there *with the women.*" Women received the highest Gift of God, himself, on the same basis as men. This sounds so commonplace that we lose its astounding significance. In every land religion has been identified with a specially sacred sex. That sex has always been one sex—the man! "Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord," was said in Judaism, and in every other religion, except the religion of Jesus. Man came first to power and the physically weaker portions of humanity, the woman and the child, have been kept out on the edges. Only now are they slowly coming into their own.

But here at Pentecost the highest was thrown open at once to woman and religion was loosed from specially sacred sexes.

This is startling when we view this fact with the background of contemporaneous views concerning women. Every day the pious Pharisee thanked God that he was not born "a woman, a leper, or a Gentile." Note her company! The

holiest among the Pharisees were called "the bleeding Pharisees." They went around with their eyes on the ground lest they look on a woman; hence they were constantly striking their foreheads against posts and trees and walls, and so were called "the bleeding Pharisees." When the disciples returned from the Samaritan village they "marveled that he talked with a woman." Manu, the lawgiver to the Hindus, says: "One man alone may be a witness, . . . but not even several women, although they may be pure, on account of the lack of reliableness of woman's mind." Again he says, "One should not be seated in a secluded place with a mother, sister, or daughter. The powerful host of the senses compels even a wise man."

When Buddha allowed woman to be taken into the Sangha he did it with sadness, saying that now the Sangha would only last a thousand years. I listened to a debate in the Burma Legislative Council regarding the admission of women as members. A stately Buddhist arose and said: "Of course not. They cannot attain Nirvana as women; how, then, can they attain a place in these legislative halls?" Both within Hinduism and Buddhism a woman as a woman cannot be saved, she must be reborn as a man if she is to attain salvation.

A friend of mine taught a Maharani for many years before she was married. She gave her the

best that modern education and Christian principles could give, though the Maharani still remained a Hindu. After her marriage she told my friend that the other women relatives made it so difficult for her that each day she would take her little silver cup and drink some of the bath-water in which her husband had bathed as a sign of her submission to and worship of her lord. In Hinduism a woman is called "Samsara," the weary round of rebirth—something to be got rid of before salvation can be obtained.

I saw a Mohammedan herding his "females" into a compartment next to mine in the train. There was a great hubbub as palanquins came and went, but the women were finally herded in and the train started off. He must have called the roll and found one missing, for he waved his hand very wildly to the guard on the platform, saying, "Stop, stop, one has been left behind." The train was flagged and from the other end of the platform a palanquin ran up and a little woman ducked into the compartment. The train started off, and again he must have called the roll, for more wildly than before he waved his hands to the guard saying, "Stop, stop, one more has been left behind." Again the train was flagged, and another palanquin was hurriedly brought up from the other end of the platform, and when they opened it up *two*

slipped out into the compartment! This must have been the required number, for this time the train went off. The tragic thing was that no one on the platform smiled. It all seemed so taken for granted. I am not sure whether I smiled or wept—perhaps a little of each, for it was comic, but it was more deeply tragic.

Mrs. Jones once asked a zenana lady if she knew much about the world. In reply she pointed to a tree growing up over the zenana wall and said, "That treetop is the only thing I have ever seen of the outside world."

These incidents and statements about women have been out of the East. Take one out of the background of the West—the cry of a modern university woman written to me recently:

> "I was, being human, born alone;
> I am, being woman, hard beset;
> I live by squeezing from a stone
> The little nourishment I get."

Man has usually taken the bread and has given woman the stone from which to squeeze her nourishment. In the West man has fought step by step the upward rise of woman. Nearly everything he has given he has given grudgingly and under compulsion.

When we turn from all this to the gospel of Pentecost, we find woman not squeezing her spiritual nourishment from a stone, but facing

God and life on exactly the same terms as man and being offered and given the highest gift that can be given in heaven and earth—the Spirit, God himself.

The amazing thing is that it is all so taken for granted; no questions were raised, no discussions took place, women took their place at Pentecost naturally and unhesitatingly. Why? Here too the Norm had been fixed: they had seen Jesus accept women as disciples naturally and without strain; single and married women accompanied him and the disciples on their tours through Galilee, and *the breath of scandal never touched it!* He raised the whole moral tone so high, treated women so naturally and purely that thoughts of evil withered in this white purity. So lofty was the whole that the account can say, "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus," and we can see nothing but beauty in it. That statement would have damned any other religious leader. It makes Jesus' purity stand out the more. Pentecost is all of a piece with this, hence woman comes to it as she would come to her very own. There were no patronizing attitudes, no loud talk about giving woman's rights; it was done simply and naturally.

The implication is that if this highest were open to woman, then everything else down the line is open. India to-day is seething with de-

bates and resolutions and conflicts and contentions over how many human privileges can be given to women. And here at Pentecost it was all done so quietly and unobtrusively and naturally that we scarcely hear the doors opening. But they are all open!

Paul, once a narrow, hating Pharisee, but now under the sway of the liberating Spirit, could say: "In Jesus Christ there is no room for Greek and Jew [racial distinction], Barbarian and Scythian [cultural distinction], bond and free [social distinction], male and female [sex distinction], but Christ is all and in all." Amazing liberation from bondages the Spirit brings! No wonder Paul cries again: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

With this fact within our gospel we do not wonder at the following incident: I was speaking through an interpreter to a large crowd of men in a native state when, to my surprise, I saw a woman making her way through the crowd. I wondered what she was doing out in that crowd at night, for no women were supposed to be there, and why was she making her way forward toward us? Before I knew what was happening she was showering flowers on my interpreter and on me. It suddenly dawned on me what it meant. As a woman she had heard notes in our message that meant hope of liberty and opening doors to her, so she expressed her

gratitude to that gospel in this way. I caught one of the falling flowers in my hand and held it there all the rest of the time I was speaking. I have it still. I hold it as the acceptance of a challenge to give this gospel till all shall know this equality and freedom.

And no wonder that this could happen: One of the most prominent Hindu women in India came with a devidasi, a temple girl, to a Y. W. C. A. secretary, and said: "I bring this girl to you to rescue. I once heard my husband read a story from your sacred book, of a woman taken in adultery and what Jesus said to her and how he saved her. We have no such story in our books, so I bring the girl to you."

It is quite true that there is no other such story in either East or West of how gracious redemption is offered even to fallen women, but greater still is the fact that to women access is offered to the very highest moral and spiritual attainment—spiritual power is available, God himself is available. All doors are open.

Yet with this fact within our gospel we still debate in Church Councils the right of women to preach and grudgingly give crumbs of privilege. If the fact of the Spirit has been given to them, who shall deny them the right to share it in every way and in every place?

At Pentecost woman was given her chart and charter of equality and freedom. The subse-

quent centuries lost both Pentecost and the equality and freedom of women. We shall regain the latter as we rediscover the former.

Another thing connected with equality at Pentecost is the fact that along with the one hundred and twenty were "the mother of Jesus and his brethren." They seemed to be there on exactly the same basis as the rest and received the Holy Spirit on exactly the same terms as the others. Even being the mother of the Son of God made absolutely no difference.

Here was religion loosed from specially sacred families.

It would have been easy to build up within Christianity a spiritual aristocracy based upon blood, as has been done in Brahmanism and Mohammedanism and as is now being attempted through Nordicism. Had Mary and his brethren been separated in the slightest here, had they been put in a class by themselves, had they received the Spirit on other terms and under other conditions, the foundations would have been laid for spiritual and blood snobbery. But quietly and unobtrusively they took their place alongside of the rest, and in that decisive moment all superiorities were canceled or lost sight of.

Years later in John's Gospel we hear this same note sounded: Who "were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Pentecost had proved to

them that spiritual birth was not of blood. Think what a blow this was to all assumptions of superiority based on blood. See how the Duchess of Buckingham writhes under it as she writes to Lady Huntingdon in reference to the Wesleyan Movement, a movement centering in Pentecost: "Their doctrines are most repulsive and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect to their superiors. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth. This is highly insulting, and I wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiment so much at variance with high rank and good breeding."

As Brahmanism in the West was writhing under the impact of this simple principle, so to-day Brahmanism in the East is in a state of tension over it. The fact is that the tensions of East and West in regard to human equality are largely, if not entirely, due to the quiet challenge of this principle of the spiritual equality of men in the sight of God. The Duke of Argyle was right when he said that "no method of reform is so powerful as this: if alongside of a corrupt custom or system is laid one incompatible principle, then that principle without any noise works against it and finally overthrows it. It was thus that Christianity, without any direct blow at slavery, laid alongside of it the incompatible principle of brotherhood and finally over-

threw it." Slowly but surely this principle is pushing to the wall everything incompatible with it.

"Blood tells," they say, but not at Pentecost. The word there is, "He hath made of one blood," and that word is finally winning its way. Two things you cannot stop: You cannot stop God and you cannot stop man. Here at Pentecost man as man comes into his own.

The lesser family of Mary was lost in the larger family of the Father, and here the Elder Brother stretches forth his hands and says, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of my Father the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." The emphasis is not upon the extraneous but upon the intrinsic; the thing that tells is not blood, but brotherhood. Pentecost opens up the glory of being ascendants, not descendants.

CHAPTER XII

PENTECOST—CONSERVATIVE OR RADICAL?

PETER at Pentecost, quoting Joel as to what would happen when the Spirit came upon life, said, "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; . . . and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Peter saw that in the life of the Spirit the young man and the old man would each be quickened, each be the channel of the Divine, and each contribute to the whole.

In every religion old age has usually been the sacred age. The religions of the world have been in the hands of graybeards, hence conservative. But at Pentecost a new and astonishing possibility came into view—all ages, the young and the old, were to bring their contribution to the interpretation and enrichment of this gospel.

Here was religion loosed from specially sacred ages.

As religion has usually tended to run into the hands of the old, it has become the most conservative influence in human life. "Our religion is in danger," has been the cry that has blocked reform in every age and clime. This is so true that the criticism that "religion is an opiate of

the people" has some truth in it. But this could not be leveled at the life of the Spirit as it blossomed forth at Pentecost, for here the young and the old, the progressive and the conservative, would correct each other and contribute to each other. The Spirit is the Spirit of comprehension, not narrowness, of inclusion, not exclusion.

Among all peoples we have political parties divided along the lines of progressive and conservative. This has happened everywhere. It would seem to imply that the human mind is built that way, hence it is inevitable that we have the radical and the conservative in religion also. It would be a tragedy if we did not have them both. If we were all radicals, we would blow up! If we were all conservatives, we would dry up! But between the pull of the two we make very definite progress in a middle direction.

Conservative old age shakes its head about the youth of every age. But it has always been so. Over against these ancient and modern wails we find the gospel proposing to take the ardency of youth, its restlessness with things as they are, its revolts and visions, and use them for purposes of the Kingdom. At the same time, by its emphasis on the place of old age, dreaming dreams, it calls on youth to remember that just because a thing is new it is not necessarily true, that

truth won through struggle and pain must be conserved, and that the safest way to go forward is to do as the motorist does, who, as he drives forward, looks into the mirror reflecting the road behind him. It tells him to study the past as a starting point for the future. Old age needs the visions of youth; youth needs the dreams of old age.

In spite of this comprehension at Pentecost we still condemn each other if we differ the slightest in viewpoint or view. In North India a huge Afghan became a Christian. He was a giant in body and simple as a child in soul. He was known throughout the country as "The Christian"—and he was! But one day a little Mohammedan blasphemed Christ in his presence. The giant was so aroused that he took him by the scruff of the neck, hung him over the open mouth of a well, and said, "If you don't take that back, I'll drop you in." The Mohammedan, dangling over the open well, decided to take it back!

We can excuse the simple-hearted giant, but what can we say of Christians, two thousand years after Pentecost, who still drop their brethren into open wells of perdition because they do not happen to possess the same mentality or belong to the same group? At Pentecost, "Peter stood up with the eleven." They were one—and yet how divergent in outlook! The Zealot and

the Publican one! The miracle of inclusion had happened.

At the recent Jerusalem Conference we found certain questions becoming acute. We could feel the tingle of the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy in the air as we neared Jerusalem. We could also feel the coming clash between the German and the American outlooks on the kingdom of God—one said that it was a supernatural gift from above, the other that it was a task. When the Conference was nearing its close we found that we hadn't settled the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy—we had simply transcended it. We saw that there was something bigger than each—the gospel. In our quest to live and give that gospel, our questions seemed to solve themselves. Christ held us both! And as for the two views of the Kingdom, we saw, before the close, that the Kingdom was both a gift and a task, that each needed the other to complete it and that there was far more in Christ than either had caught.

Everywhere we find both the conservative and the radical appealing to Jesus as approving their standpoint. Which was he—conservative or radical? As I hear him challenging almost every single religious conception and institution of that day—the current views concerning God and man, the meaning of religion, the Sabbath, the Temple, the Law, the authority of the Sanhe-

drin—I am convinced that he is a radical. But when I see him gather up every truth out of the past, conserving and completing it and saying, "I came not to destroy but to fulfill," I know that he is a conservative. He is both. He says, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old." The wise scribe of the Kingdom is to be both radical and conservative—he brings forth "things new and old." But note the order—the new is first. And at Pentecost the young men seeing visions came before the old men dreaming dreams. The gospel does lean toward the radical, for it involves change. It is "the ought-to-be" standing over against the "is."

At the Lausanne Conference—a Conference largely in the hands of the old and looking to precedent rather than to progress—a youth, aroused to action by the sheer conservatism of things, started down the aisle toward the platform and was declared by the chairman to be out of order. The youth came on with the significant words upon his lips, "It is my business to be out of order." It is the business of youth to be out of order, just as it is the business of old age to be in order. Between the clash of the two there may be seeming disorder, but in reality it is the birth-pangs of a higher order.

As the mind of man seems naturally to break

up into conservatism and radicalism, we will always have both with us, and since we cannot get rid of each other, we might as well make up our minds to live together as brothers. The Chinese Christians, in their matter-of-fact way, came to this conclusion and issued this significant statement, "Agreed to differ, but resolved to love and unite to serve."

Do not misunderstand; Pentecost does not point the way to a false tolerance which is essentially indifferentism. It does allow each the right to hold convictions and to differ, but it also undertakes to gather up youth's power to see visions and old age's proneness to dream dreams and out of the two create something entirely new—the kingdom of God.

One observation must be made before we close this chapter. The gospel provides, among other things, two utter necessities for human living: a static norm and a progressive ideal. In presenting the character of Christ, fixed in history, it provides an anchoring place for our minds and keeps them from going adrift in every passing wind of modern speculation and tendency. But it goes further: in its teaching concerning the Holy Spirit it provides a progressive dynamic that is capable of infinite adaptation to a growing life. The Spirit "guides us into all truth." Hence the Spirit is forever unfolding what was infolded in the person of Christ and is forever

applying it to changing conditions. The gospel has, therefore, about it a sense of newness, of surprise, of eternal freshness. He who lives under the sway of the Spirit lives under a perpetual dawn. A surprise awaits him around every corner. Vistas open everywhere. He knows in the inmost depths of his being that what he has cannot be outgrown, for he knows that he possesses, not a set of dead truths, but the very Spirit of Truth.

The gospel will, therefore, never be out-known nor out-grown. The Spirit is its principle and power of rejuvenation.

CHAPTER XIII

PENTECOST AND RELIGIOUS IMPERIALISM

PENTECOST goes further in its amazing sweep toward universality. The account says that when the Holy Spirit came, "the multitudes were astonished to hear, every one in his own language, the wonderful works of God."

Here we come to one of the most puzzling portions of the account. What does this speaking in other tongues mean? Certainly, there seems a difference between what happened among the Corinthians and what happened at Pentecost. At Corinth the tongues were unknown and needed an interpreter, here they spoke directly, without an interpreter, in the languages of the people who heard. At Corinth the tongues were for the purpose of communion; at Pentecost for the purpose of communication. But that is only a part of the purpose. The happening at Pentecost seems to have a far greater significance than that a group of people should hear the gospel message. To catch its significance we must remember how racially exclusive all nations have been, how they have considered other tongues and cultures barbarian and their own tongue and culture sacred. This was especially true of the Hebrews. The whole tendency would be to

identify the gospel with their own tongue and culture and nationalism. And when they preached that gospel they would, along with it, seek, consciously or unconsciously, to impose on other people their own language, culture, and nationality. But what would be the effect if, at the very beginning, they should find the gospel overleaping the barriers of tongues and breaking forth into the languages of all nations? The effect would be that it would deeply impress everyone concerned that the gospel could not and would not be confined to or identified with any particular language or culture or race. It would do more—it would thereby make sacred all languages, all cultures, all nations, for they were all to be the vehicle and instrument of the Divine.

Here was religion loosed from specially sacred languages, cultures, and races, and all languages, cultures, and races made the medium of the Divine.

In all climes there have been specially sacred languages. The Hindus believe that Sanskrit is eternal and that the Vedas have come down from the eternities and cannot be translated without loss. The Moslem believes that the Koran is from heaven, and that the Arabic language is unsurpassed in eloquence and that to translate it is to lose its significance. The Roman Catholics cling to the Roman tongue

throughout the world and the Eastern Church holds to the Syriac. We know with what pious regard the Jew held and still holds his language.

And cultures and nationality? The ancient Aryans coming into India said in reference to the indigenous peoples, "They should be destroyed because their customs are different." The ancient Jew prayed the prayer, "O God, thou hast made us for thyself; as for the rest of the nations they are but spittle."

Now see the significance of what happened at Pentecost when all of this was canceled at once: the gospel was not to be identified with any particular race or culture or language. What a struggle took place before the gospel was loosed from its Jewish fetters! Without this which emerged at Pentecost it could never have been done. The Jerusalem Christian leaders nearly killed it by cramping the emerging chrysalis too tightly in Jewish forms. They tried to impose Judaism along with the gospel. Paul was always suspect with the Jerusalem leaders because he refused to allow this imposition on the Gentiles. "He was not asked," says Bullock, "to preach publicly at Jerusalem, for his semiforeign Christianity would not have been acceptable. . . . But had he yielded, Christianity might have become a legalism, a temporarily reformed Judaism, a limited Jewish sect, sooner or later dying out in its own soil, pot-bound."

Nor are we free from this danger to-day. There is exaggeration in Bertrand Russell's statement, but it contains some truth: "What the missionaries bring to China they think to be the gospel. In reality, it is Americanism." I found the cultured Latin Americans thinking that in bringing an evangelical gospel to Latin America we were really trying to impose North American culture on them. The Christian movement must free itself from all suspicion of imposing national cultures and languages on other people or it will not get very far.

In taking the attitude of not imposing one's own language and culture upon another people a very important change of attitude toward other peoples takes place. It gives a turn to the mind that makes for sympathy, understanding, and good will. It causes us to look for the good in other national characters. We begin to rejoice in any good found anywhere, for that basic good will be used to enrich the whole.

The fact is that each nation needs every other nation. A cross-fertilization of each national life with the genius of other peoples will enrich the receiver as well as the giver. To impose one culture upon the world would be to impoverish the world. I sat in a train in America while the Great War was on and asked a traveling companion, evidently a foreigner, what he thought of things in Europe. He ended up with

this expressive sentence: "To —— mid 'em over there: I'm an American." Carlyle said that the true mark of an Englishman of his day was "to hate the Frenchman like the devil." My friend thought the true mark of an American was to consign others to hell. Little did he realize that in taking this attitude he was consigning himself to the hell of littleness, of soul-shriveling.

There are two ways to look on other peoples. One is to look on them as subjects for exploitation, the other as subjects for expression—one is predatory, the other is Pentecostal. Among the ancient Hindus was what was called "the horse sacrifice." A charger of a gray color, with certain propitious markings, was turned loose to graze, followed by an army ready for battle. The lands through which the charger went had to give him grazing or fight the army that followed. At the end of the year all the lands conquered belonged to the king who performed the horse sacrifice. That custom is very ancient and very modern. To-day we send out trade and investments and the army follows. Give grazing place to our trade or fight our army! Thus the world has been exploited in the name of empire. This creates frictions, hate, and finally war. It impoverishes everybody concerned. This is the way to seeming wealth through the exploitation of peoples. Pentecost was the way to real wealth through the expression of peoples. Each

nation was to express and contribute its culture and life to the enrichment of all.

Professor Steiner, an apostle on race relationships, sums up the matter in these points:

1. "That racial characteristics are largely determined by environment."

2. "That race prejudice is an artificial product of the mind, induced by various influences."

3. "That in the highest and lowest spheres of thought and activity all races are alike."

4. "That every human being, no matter what his color, race, faith, or class, has a right to earn the respect of his neighbor and his community by virtue of what he himself is."

5. "That the brotherhood of man will become an established fact as soon as each man determines to live like a brother to his fellows."

6. "That Christianity has in its spirit the solution of race and class problems, but that in its practice it is lamentably far from solving them."

7. "That he who wishes to enter into fellowship with the race or nation with which he lives must free himself from all isolating practices."

8. "That entrance into such a large human relationship has to be bought with a price, and that it is a price worth paying, for there is scarcely any loftier experience than that of being one with mankind."[1]

[1] From *Against the Current,* by E. A. Steiner. Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers. Reprinted by permission.

I would like to add to this admirable summary a note of mutual enrichment. Each nation needs every other nation. No one can take this attitude without finding himself on a joyous search to discover what other peoples have that which he lacks. It is an enriching quest. I have wondered what it was that touches me so deeply in the Negro spirituals. I have come to the conclusion that it is this: the negroes have taught us to sing *in spite of*. Out of the heart of pain, of slavery, of racial suffering they have sung *in spite of*. The Negro is enriching us by teaching us to sing when there are no apparent causes for song except inner private reasons.

The Anglo-Saxon loves straightforwardness, truth, hence he takes to straight lines. He desires that his creations shall express strength and utility. The Latin American is polite and gracious; he loves curved lines, so his cities are filled with art and beauty. When he lays out a city the first thing he thinks about is the plaza where he can satisfy and display his love of art. When we Anglo-Saxons lay out a city the first thing for which we provide is that on the central corner there may be—a filling station!

I was struck with the way my interpreters in Latin America would take my blunt Anglo-Saxon sentences with which I wanted to shake up the souls of the people, and would curve them out into the most delicately beautiful lines so

that they would fall upon the people's souls like dew! I didn't like that, but the people did—and that is the point! The Latin American needs our straightforwardness and love of truth and we need his graciousness and love of beauty.

Was Jesus, in his temper of mind, Latin or Anglo-Saxon? Certainly he was blunt and Anglo-Saxon when he talked to the Pharisees! They never forgot it. How he loved truth! But how gracious he was! With what rare graciousness he saved that woman taken in adultery! And when he pointed out the sin of the woman by the well, instead of saying, as we Anglo-Saxons would probably have said, "Woman, you are an adulteress," he graciously said, "Go, call your husband and come hither." How delicately gracious that was! And the graciousness won her. It was said of him that "he was full of grace" (Latin) "and truth" (Anglo-Saxon). He was both. The gospel interpreted through the graciousness of the Latin and through the straightforwardness of the Anglo-Saxon will, in combination, enrich us both and create out of the twain not only a new man but a richer man, in Christ Jesus.

Was he Eastern or Western? He was so masterful that the West is drawn to his sheer strength of character; he was so mystical that the East is drawn to his sheer depth of being. He was both—and more. The masterful West

needs the mystical East, the men of induction need the men of intuition—each is incomplete without the other. Each can bring the riches of its genius to the expression and interpretation of this gospel. It will take the sons of men to interpret the Son of man.

When the Spirit takes hold of each national genius what a wonderful symphony it will be!—the love of truth of the Anglo-Saxon, the deep thoroughness of the Teuton, the passion for sharing of the Slav, the love of beauty and art of the Latin, the oak-strength of the Scandinavian, the music-loving gay spirit of the African, the matter-of-fact reasonable outlook of the Chinese, the gracious spirit of the Japanese, the profound mysticism of the Hindu—each giving its peculiar manifestation of the Spirit for the common good.

"Isn't he the Eastern Christ?" I asked of a Hindu. "No, he is the Universal Christ," he replied. The Hindu was right.

And to express this Universal Christ we will need not only the language and culture of every nation, but the language of art and philosophy and science as well. All life must express the Supreme Life.

I once heard a professor, one of the leading philosophers of the world, give an address in which he brought man up through the different stages of development. He said that man came

to a place where he was incomplete, that through his own resources he could not complete himself, that something from without, from above, must complete him. I held my breath, for I expected him to say the word. But he passed on without saying it. At the close I said to him, "Professor, why didn't you say the word? It trembled on your lips, but you did not get it out?"

"What word?" he eagerly asked.

"The word from above that would complete us—Christ," I replied. "If you had said that word, it would not have jarred the slightest, philosophically, would it?"

"No," he thoughtfully replied, "for that is what I meant."

"Then, why didn't you say it?" I urged.

"Well, I leave that to you, a religious man, I'm a philosopher," he replied.

"But I am not content for you to leave it to me," I said, "for I want all life—philosophy, art, science—to interpret Christ."

When that comes to pass then the philosopher, the artist, the scientist, the statesman will hear, every one in his own language, the wonderful works of God.

The words of Dean Inge are worthy of being pondered: "Remember that the new knowledge has as good a right to hear and speak in its own tongue the wonderful works of God as the educated Christian in the fourth and fifth centuries

had to formulate the Christian faith in terms of the new-Platonic philosophy. What philosophy was then science is now."

I inwardly revolt when I hear an attempted reconciliation of science and religion by assigning to each a separate province—science to take the province of physical fact, and religion the province of value. Ultimately they must speak the same things or both be false. Rather I want to hear each tell in its own language a common message, the wonderful works of God.

A brilliant artist, finding this new life in Christ, in the joy of that discovery goes back to her art and discovers, to her surprise, that she is more attuned to life, hence more creative. She writes, "I have a passion to express this new Life through my art." That is the passion that all life must feel.

Is there a place where all languages, all cultures, all life may meet and find their meaning? The editor of the Indian Social Reformer says that the lines are now being drawn between Westernism and Hinduism, that these two are at death grips and the end must be a compromise. I suggested that a compromise would be weak, that we needed someone in whom the truths in Westernism and Hinduism could be gathered up, reconciled, and fulfilled. The only one who could do that is Christ. Is he not the reconciling place between God and man, between

languages and cultures, between science, art, and philosophy? Is he not the place where all things "consist," or hold together? Will there not be a brotherhood of man and a brotherhood of facts —all centering in him? Is he not more than the reconciling place? Is he not the place where all life finds meaning?

All life experiencing this Life answers "Yes!"

At Pentecost all life, language, culture, national genius, art, science, philosophy—all life is gathered into a common center, Christ, and then it goes out from that common center to tell, each in its own language, the wonderful works of God.

CHAPTER XIV

PENTECOST AND RITUALISM

THERE is one simple fact which, if noted and its implications worked out, would have determined much during the history of Christianity. When the Holy Spirit came upon the group we would expect them to be assuming some specially sacred posture of body. Religion has always been identified with special postures. The Hindus in their yoga system have worked it out to a science. The breath must be controlled, the attention concentrated between the eyebrows, the feet and the hands and the whole of the body must be according to prescribed posture. The Moslem too has marked out his prayer postures, and it is done with mathematical precision. You cannot think of Buddhism apart from the characteristic posture of Buddha, legs crossed under him, hands folded in his lap, and face impassive.

But here at Pentecost the group was in the attitude that is most universal—"they were sitting." They were not even kneeling!

Here was religion loosed from specially sacred postures and all postures made sacred.

Had there been a special posture at Pentecost, we would have been in bondage to that posture.

But the gospel was to make sacred all postures. None was to be less or more holy than the others.

Jesus prayed with his eyes wide open: "Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, Father, I thank thee." A friend and I were threading our way through the crowds of a Berlin street and seemingly talking to one another, but we were really talking with God. Why not? "Do you think you could pray in this restaurant while the crowds are coming and going? I wish you could, for I need it," said a friend. And we did with our eyes wide open! Never did God seem nearer. One of India's saints, old Doctor Hume, stopped me on the road, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Shall we talk to the Father?" The Father was there! A wealthy American business man was taking me in his car to an appointment. "I have not offered to take you on this trip for nothing," he said. "I need God and I want you to help me." We talked about it, and when the moment for surrender came, I said, "You drive the car and I'll pray." He threaded his way through the traffic, but the real road we were on was the Highway of God. And we met him there!

At Pentecost the common posture was religious. On the other hand, how deeply irreligious some religious postures can be! There is a picture of a monk with folded hands seemingly in

the attitude of prayer. When you get nearer the picture you find he is squeezing a lemon over a punch bowl! But who has not seen God in the sparkle of the eye, in the warm handclasp, in the quiet touch of conversation? Who was it that cried from the trenches, "God, God, I see him everywhere"?

At Pentecost God became naturalized in human life. All the natural became the religious and all the religious became the natural. The account says, "Day after day they resorted with one accord to the Temple and broke bread together in their own homes; they ate with a glad and simple heart, praising God and looked on with favor by all the people." The "simple heart" meant the undivided heart; the distinction between the religious and secular portions of life had broken down. They were one. They could eat the communion bread and the common bread with an equal sense of the Divine.

Akin to this and pushing it further is the fact that when the supreme moment at Pentecost came and the Spirit was received, they were undergoing no rite or ceremony of any type or kind. It seemed that God was determined that his highest gift should be bound up with nothing extraneous. It should be given in simplicity and received in simplicity with no interventions.

Here was religion loosed from all specially sacred rites or ceremonies.

Our gospel uses rites and ceremonies, but it is not bound up with any of them in the sense that any rite or ceremony is essential to receiving God's highest gift, himself. If rites and ceremonies are not essential at this highest place, they are not essential anywhere down the line.

And yet how we have fought over them through the centuries! I stood within the Inquisition Room at Lima, Peru, where men were tried for heresies. There were glass panels where those standing outside could see whether the wooden statue of Christ alongside of the ecclesiastical judge would nod or shake its head in approval or disapproval. The judge pulled strings underneath the table. The nod of the head of the wooden Christ meant that the victim would be tortured on the rack and the shaking of the head meant liberty. We talked about this in the Inquisition Chamber and a brilliant Roman Catholic teacher turned to me and said, "Poor Christ, how we have made him approve our follies through the centuries!" We have fought over rites and ceremonies and have tried to make him nod Yes or No. The fact is that he probably said neither Yes nor No. The rites and ceremonies were irrelevant in the light of the bigger thing he was giving.

John in administering the rite of baptism said, "I indeed have baptized you with water: but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost."

The special characteristic of Jesus was that he should baptize with the Holy Ghost; in other words, he should give men God. Here at Pentecost that giving of God to men was bound up with no rite or ceremony. So when men set up their stately sterilities and complicated systems of dogma and ritual and appeal to Christ for a nod of approval, I know that it is the nodding of a wooden Christ fashioned by ecclesiasticism and not the living Christ of the New Testament. One used to be able to drop a good-sized gift into the hands of the caretaker and see the wooden Christ of the Inquisition, but now I am told the authorities, feeling ashamed, have locked it up in jail. It would be well if this wooden Christ of ecclesiasticism, nodding approval of every particular sect and ceremony (and, of course, nodding disapproval to the rest), were locked up in the vaults of oblivion. We might then discover the real Christ.

How wooden and blocked off we've made him! I was once pleading with a great crowd of Hindus and Moslems to see this living Christ, when I was flanked by the Christians. Before the great crowd of non-Christians they insisted on the literalness of the words, "This is my body," and they did it with much vehemence and bad temper. It all seemed so wooden! I could not help feeling that we were haggling over a statement about the literal body of Christ while the

real Body of Christ was being torn to pieces before the non-Christian!

New Testament Christianity used the rite of baptism, but was not bound up with it, so that Paul, the chief exponent of that Christianity, could exclaim, "I thank God I baptized none of you, save Gaius and Crispus." They used the rite of the communion of the bread and wine, but were free to substitute for it the simple *agape* meal when it expressed to them deeper vitality. And when the question of circumcision became acute, those brave souls insisted that not outward rite, but inner character, should be the essential thing in Christianity. "Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." They were simply holding to the lines that Pentecost marked out.

It is true of rites and ceremonies and ecclesiasticisms that if they save their lives by being made essential, they lose them—they become mechanical, dead; if they lose their lives in a larger meaning, then they come back vital and vitalizing. Only as we are free from them are we free to use them. Pentecost was free from them, hence the early church could use them.

I believe in Christian baptism because I do not believe it to be absolutely essential. As a method of expressing and declaring one's faith before the world nothing is more beautiful and expressive, but as a *sine qua non* for finding the

Spirit nothing has been more disastrous. For under this conception the baptized are supposed to keep up the idea, which in many cases amounts to a fiction, that they have necessarily found the Spirit in baptism, and the consequence has been that while the rite has been thereby raised, the fact of the Spirit in the life has been thereby lowered—lowered almost to becoming meaningless.

The increased emphasis in the West on ritual and worship may be beautifully helpful, but it may be a blasting hindrance to the real life in the Spirit. If we hold no illusions about them, we will suffer no illusions through them. The early church used them, the later church abused them, and the wells that Pentecost dug were filled up with ecclesiastical rubbish and doctrinal debris.

The one hope is to get down beneath these later accretions to the pure spring of divine life that bubbles out of Pentecost. Nothing is essential but God, and no rite or ceremony is essential in finding him.

CHAPTER XV

PENTECOST AND MATERIAL POSSESSIONS

OUT of Pentecost comes a message that confronts the thinking of this age and bluntly challenges it. We live in an age that frankly accepts accumulation of material things as the standard of human success. When we ask the question, "What is he worth?" we know the meaning is not what is he worth in character, in contribution to human living, but in material accumulation.

I sat in the train one day and spoke to a traveling companion about God.

"God?" he said. "This is God"—and he tapped the money he had in his pockets till it jingled. "Do you see that stone out there? We have no more soul than that stone. Heaven is when you have a good living and hell is when you haven't."

Here was a frank paganism, bluntly stated. I was no more shocked by it than I am by that same paganism, less frankly stated, but not less actually lived, in Christian lands and even in Christian churches. Here this secular outlook is accepted as a way of life, while all the time there is a ghastly contradiction at the center of things.

The contradiction is this: While we accept

this pagan way of life our gospel produces and presents this: "The believers all kept together: they shared all they had with one another; they would sell their possessions and goods and distribute the proceeds among all, as any might be in need" (Acts 2. 45, Moffatt).

The Spirit in them impelled them to share; the Spirit in us impels us to accumulate. Which Spirit is in us—the Spirit of Pentecost or the spirit of paganism?

At Pentecost was produced the spirit of sharing so that life and religion were loosed from distinctions and disabilities based on material wealth.

We must not explain away or soften what happened at Pentecost. Their sharing of goods with those who had need was no mere interim ethics introduced on account of the belief in the near coming of Christ. It was inherent in their gospel. They had freely received, they would freely give. The limit of giving and retaining was the "need" of each. They could retain to the limit of their own need, they would give to the limit of the needs of others. Need, not want, in the case of each was the determining factor. No man kept what was beyond his own needs. What constituted his needs was determined and decided by the inner Christian Spirit. There was no compulsion—this utter sharing was spontaneous and voluntary, and there was no

rule against holding of private property. Peter said to Ananias, "When it [the land] remained unsold, did it not remain your own? And even after the sale, was the money not yours to do as you pleased about it?" (Acts 5. 4, Moffatt.) There was no rule against holding of private property, but there was common consent that to hold private property beyond actual need was unchristian.

This, instead of being an extravagant excrescence due to early enthusiasms, is an inherent attitude in our gospel and is workable. This was the working out of the principle that they were to love their neighbors as they loved themselves, and they were to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. There were no hard-and-fast rules, but they were guided by principle, the principle that the self-interest and the other-interest should balance. They distributed to each man as he had need, including themselves. After their own needs were provided for they distributed the rest as far as it would go to the needs of others. But actual need, and not desire or luxury, was the determining thing.

This must vary from age to age and from place to place, and an enlightened, close-to-the New-Testament Christian conscience must decide where the line between need and luxury is to be drawn. The line seems somewhere here: I

have a right to use for myself only that which will make me more efficient and more fit for the purposes of the kingdom of God. Beyond that line lie luxury and unchristian territory.

Fritz Kreisler, perhaps the world's greatest violinist, has struck somewhere near the Christian line in these great words:

"I was born with music in my system. I knew musical scores instinctively before I knew my A. B. C's. It was a gift of Providence. I did not acquire it. So I do not even deserve thanks for the music.

"Music is too sacred to be sold. And the outrageous prices the musical celebrities charge today are truly a crime against society.

"I never look upon the money I earn as my own. It is public money. It is only a fund intrusted to my care for proper disbursement.

"I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to the minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives someone else of a slice of bread—some child, perhaps, of a bottle of milk. My beloved wife feels exactly the same way about these things as I do. You know what I eat; you know what I wear. In all these years of my so-called success in music we have not built a home for ourselves. Between it and us stand all the homeless in the world!"

Here is the Christian spirit at work in his reducing his own needs to a minimum, that he

might have more to share. Gandhi has taught us that one can be rich not only in the abundance of one's wealth but in fewness of one's wants. In his Ashram he has the principle of non-thieving, thieving being defined as holding in your possession something that someone needs more than you.

Emerson refused to accept an income of more than twelve hundred dollars per year, for he said he wanted time to think. The early Christians refused to accept or retain beyond their actual needs, for they wanted hearts at rest from themselves to soothe and sympathize.

Someone has said that the trouble with money is that it costs so much. One of its costs is that sense of spiritual dullness seen in so many Christians who are financially secure. The sense of adventure, of living upon a living God, of trust, of surprise, leaves the life and deadly security and dullness set in. Bonds in the bank often become bonds upon the soul, stocks in vaults become stocks upon the feet. Spontaneity is gone and deadly dullness brings soul decay. "I hate luxury," said Goethe, "for it destroys the imagination."

The only way to keep the sparkle in life is to accept the cross of limitation of need to a minimum, and the sharing of everything beyond that minimum.

Another of the costs of money is that it sets

up a barrier between man and man—it creates a new caste, it kills brotherhood. The early Christians let go everything beyond actual need and kept the brotherhood. We keep beyond actual need and let go the brotherhood. John Woolman, the Quaker saint, once said, "People may have no intention to oppress, yet by entering on expensive ways of life their minds may be so entangled therein and so engaged to support the expensive customs as to be estranged from the pure sympathizing spirit."

In the gospel account it is said that after the healing of the demoniac and the destruction of the swine "the keepers fled into the city and told everything—and what had happened to him which had demons." "Everything—and"! To them swine was "everything" and a healed man an after-consideration. That is paganism: possessions everything—persons secondary. In our gospel persons were to be everything and possessions allowable only as they contributed to persons and to human brotherhood.

Among the Hindus the god of prosperity is Kuvera, and at Saranath one can see the figure of Kuvera standing upon the prostrate form of a man. Prosperity standing on a prostrate person! This is the thing that haunts me about the prosperity of the West. I wonder how much of it is standing on the prostrate forms of sweated labor, on the shriveled bodies of little children

working in factories, on exploited weaker peoples.

Kuvera in his swollen pride once asked the big-bellied god Ganesh to dine with him. Ganesh ate him out of house and home. If Prosperity invites Greed to dine with him, the end will be the ruin of Prosperity. Selfishness is suicide. There is no prosperity save the prosperity of personality, there is no wealth save the wealth of the worker.

Paganism stands for prosperity based on exploiting people. Pentecost stands for brotherhood, based on sharing possessions with people.

And because our gospel stands for the greatest thing in the universe—persons—the universe is with it. The future belongs to it. But history tells us how hard the universe is on selfish luxury. Soul-decay inevitably sets in. A member of an evangelical church remarked that he was satisfied if, at the end of the year, his personal expenses had not exceeded two hundred thousand dollars. That man need not wait for the hereafter to lose his soul, he has already lost it. It has withered and died within him—smothered by luxury.

Pentecost stands for life, hence its central impulse is sharing. We live only as we give.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk but the wine poured out:
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most hath most to give."

CHAPTER XVI

PENTECOST AND THE NATURAL ORDER

We have tried to strip off the phenomena of Pentecost and see the inner fact. The inner fact is the palpitating, cleansing, intimate sense of God, the Spirit that came to those who waited there.

Now, after having stripped away the phenomena, I am inclined to put them back, for I am persuaded that they belong there. Do the sound of a rushing mighty wind, the place being shaken, and the appearance of tongues of fire belong there, or are they the result of an overwrought imagination?

I can dismiss at once the idea of overwrought imagination, for whatever Pentecost brought to men it certainly brought amazing poise, balance, clear-sightedness, effective spiritual and moral living.

Then do these physical phenomena connected with Pentecost belong there? If they do not, then one great vital question about spiritual living remains unanswered at Pentecost. That question is this: Is this physical universe for or against or indifferent to the moral and spiritual life? Is the physical environment in which we

are compelled to live out our spiritual lives an enemy, an indifferent spectator, or an ally?

John Stuart Mill held that the physical universe is an enemy. The cosmic process (that is, "nature") encourages "ruthless self-assertation," the "thrusting aside of all competitors;" "it teaches the gladiatorial theory of existence;" "it has no sort of relation to moral ends;" "the imitation of it by man is inconsistent with the first principle of ethics." The conclusion is inevitable, "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it." Nature, according to Mill, is an enemy of the moral and spiritual life.

Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, takes the view that nature is inhumanly neutral:

"Yet even when man forsakes
All sin—is just, is pure,
Abandons all which makes
His welfare insecure,
Other existences there are that clash
with ours.

"Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightenings go aside
To give his virtues room:
Nor is that wind less rough
That blows a good man's barge.

"Nature with equal mind
Sees all her sons at play:
Sees man control the wind,
The wind sweep man away;
Allows the proudly riding and the
foundering bark."

Here is the view that nature is utterly indifferent to moral ends. This view is probably the most widely prevalent.

On the other hand, is "the universe a system of things in which there is a ceaseless and unrelenting reaction against evil," as Doctor Denney affirms? Does sin bring forth death, as the Scriptures state? A Chinese proverb says that "a nation first smites itself and then others smite it." Does the universe as well as nations smite those who smite themselves by moral lapses? Is it true that if we sow to the flesh we shall of the flesh reap corruption? Is the soil of the universe the kind of soil that favors righteousness and withers sin?

Kant said that the two things that filled him with awe were "the moral law within and the starry heavens above." Is the moral law written within also written in the starry heavens? Is the universe a universe or a multiverse? Do the stars in their courses fight against Sisera?

History gives a plain answer to those questions. Carlyle says that "sin has been, is, and

ever shall be the parent of misery." And that means not only moral and spiritual misery, it means physical misery as well. We do not break the moral laws of our universe, we break ourselves upon them. If, as Cairns says, the moral basis of modern society were suddenly withdrawn, if all moral feelings and actions were suddenly wiped out, the physical ruin and chaos that would result would be appalling.

Whatever the hours may seem to say, the years and the centuries say that the universe is with those who are with moral laws and against those who are against them.

Can we believe, then, that the sum total of things is behind the will that is surrendered to God? I am persuaded that this is so. I am not surprised that at Pentecost the physical universe responded with a physical miracle of approval and co-operation to the moral miracle that was taking place in the souls of men. If the spiritual fire of the living Spirit were going through the souls of men, why should not the cloven tongues like as of fire rest upon their heads? If, in that decisive hour, the foundations of their spiritual lives were being shaken and rebuilt, why should not the place where they were sitting be shaken? If they were being infused and filled with the new life and power of the Spirit, is it any wonder that there was a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind

and that it filled all the house where they were sitting?

If nature and human nature have the same goal of righteousness, would nature be indifferent when the supreme miracle of the creation of a new humanity was being enacted? Would nature not bend over in eagerness and watch the sight, and, more, would it not break out in corresponding miracle to show its approval and oneness with it? It would if the same God is in nature and human nature. This word at Pentecost is at one with the word of Christ when he said, "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house"—the physical and the spiritual miracle dovetailing and attesting the same Divine Master.

The *British Medical Journal,* hitherto representing the attitude that attacked disease from the side of the physical and not from the side of the spiritual, as Jesus did, now says that "there is no tissue of the human body wholly removed from the influence of spirit." Does this conclusion not tend toward the same direction that Pentecost points? If Saint Francis lived with the marks of the Lord Jesus upon his soul, can we wonder that the *stigmata* appeared upon his palms?

We live in a universe plastic to moral and

spiritual ends. Instead of its being a closed system it is open, utterly open, to the side of righteousness. As Thomson says: "The more we know of the world the more it becomes like a home in which the religious can breathe freely."[1] The early Christians took the hint of Pentecost and were free to use divine power for miracle, physical or spiritual.

At Pentecost life and religion were loosed from a closed and clamped physical universe.

We are now struggling to that same freedom. We have had our souls caught and clamped in an unresponsive, dead universe. Pentecost tells us that this universe is living, that the Power that works in experience is at work in the stars, that it is all one, that the whole is open to faith, and that anything that is right may happen.

This is the atmosphere in which faith can move freely and work freely. We have now a plastic friendly universe and are at home. Miracles can happen and we are invited to make them happen.

The Acts of the Apostles is filled with miracle, both physical and spiritual. But they were never for purposes of show, never irresponsible, never merely to attest their message, never the magician type—they were restrained, worthy, Christlike. The miracles shown were not some-

[1] *Science and Religion*, p. 175.

thing extraneous, imported into the account in a stilted way; they were inherent, a part of the whole offensive against sin, disease, and death. The early Christians knew that they could call on all the Power there was, against all the wrong there was, in whatever realm it was.

If Pentecost brought them inward personal unification, it also brought them outward physical unification. It was all one. The sum total of things was with them. The Supernatural had become naturalized within the natural as well as within the spiritual. They were ready for anything.

No wonder they turned the world upside down!

Herein lies the difference between us and them. We don't expect anything, so nothing happens. The universe is dead because we are. We utter moral platitudes and hope that in the realm of the narrow circle of the moral somebody may be improved. But we haven't the sense of vastness, the sense that a universe tingling with the Divine is at our disposal, that miracles, spiritual and physical, can and ought to happen. Our gospel is not the gospel of Pentecost, for there the gates to all life—physical and spiritual—were thrown open.

CHAPTER XVII

PENTECOST AND MODERN CULTS

THERE are two facts that sharply differentiate Pentecost from many modern teachings and tendencies.

The account says, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Here there was no division, as is often the case in present-day thinking, between mystical and nonmystical natures, one capable of receiving and realizing God and the other not—"They were all filled." Every person who wanted to find this Divine Gift found it—found it when they wanted it sufficiently to pay the price. If we live with the Spirit as a dimly realized fact, our souls bleached and anæmic, it is because we consent to live this way. The reason must be laid on the consent of the will and not in the structure of our being. All of our defeats, our lack of spiritual power, our spineless spiritual living are will-consented. For all the doors are open to everything we need to make us live abundantly. Pentecost does not argue that; it presents one hundred and twenty persons—all who sought—as the living, flaming testimony to that fact.

The increased study of mysticism in our modern day is a sign of spiritual yearning, but

it often leaves an unhealthy impression, namely, that the mystics are a class apart, spiritual Brahmans, and that what they represent is something for analysis and study instead of something to be partaken of and realized. But analyzing water into H_2O quenches no one's thirst. Studying must pass on into seeking if it is not to end in barrenness. Pentecost knows nothing of dilettante prying into spiritual things, it does know a practical, open-to-everybody way of living by the appropriated resources of the Living Spirit. "They were all filled," stands over against the modern dictum of, "A few specially mystically inclined souls might be filled."

It would strike a terrific blow at my faith if I were compelled to accept the notion that certain people by the very structure of their being are incapable of receiving and realizing the Spirit in conscious fullness. Of course the emotional tone will differ in different people, for each will "receive the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal." But the point is that each will receive the Spirit. The New Testament knows nothing of this modern division between the mystical and nonmystical. One might as well talk of mystical and nonmystical husbands or wives—the mystical being those who love and the nonmystical those who do not. We are all made for love. In the same way we are all made for God.

This division between mystical and nonmystical seems to me to be an attempt to naturalize the soul this side of Pentecost. And that means tragedy.

The second thing that differentiates Pentecost sharply from modern tendencies is that whatever happened there seems not to have come from within man, but from without. "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power *from on high.*" "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost *is come upon you.*" "There came a sound *from heaven* as of a rushing mighty wind." Pentecost presented resources from without to man; it was not merely a quickening and developing of resources from within. A Hindu put the matter to me in this way: "Aren't the roots always in us? Aren't we born from within, instead of from above?" Here he put his finger upon the crux of our modern religious problem. The modern cults of self-culture, New Thought and Christian Science, as well as Hinduism, tend either toward the emphasis on the divinity of man, so that he is to be awakened to grasp the truth of his oneness with the Divine, or to discover that man has latent resources that make him self-sufficient. In either case he is born from within and not from above. "We must awaken the Jesus within us," said a Hindu professor to an audience at the close of one of my addresses one day. Who

was it that went across Italy crying, "Awake, Awake, O Christ, in Italy"? Others urge upon us the possibility of all of us becoming Christs. "Ye divinities on earth," cried Swami Vivekananda at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, "it is a sin to call you sinners."

All this, with the modern emphasis within Christianity upon Immanence, makes a very definite tendency—is it toward fullness or futility? Karl Barth in Europe has reacted so violently against it that the God he presents is so transcendent as to be almost unknowable. Are we driven to a choice between Barth and modern tendencies? Has Pentecost any decisive word?

The New Testament does teach a very close union of the human and the Divine, so close that Life flows into life, Mind into mind, Purpose into purpose, Being into being. "In him we live, and move, and have our being." "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The union seems to be as close as that of the fingers and the hand—the fingers, while retaining their individuality, are nevertheless rooted in the palm and draw their sustenance from it. While this is true, the New Testament cannot fairly be quoted on the side of modern cults. Men are to be born "from above," the power is from "on high," and the Holy Spirit

is to come "upon us," not from within us. It is distinctly understood that it is a gift fresh and new, and not something that already belongs to us. It is true that the fact that we can receive the Spirit shows how deeply akin to the Spirit we are. Nevertheless, the attitude of the New Testament is that we are to be suppliants, not self-sufficient. This is a terrific blow to modern pride. And just because it is a blow to modern pride it impresses me with its truth. Can a deep God-consciousness arise out of or be superimposed on self-sufficient conceits? The essence of the Divine is humility. And the first step in finding God is to strike a blow at our pride—a mortal blow, so that we shall be so humbled in the dust in order that we can be raised to the highest heaven, so stricken that we can sing, so self-surrendered that we can be self-assertive. The spring of our spiritual life will henceforth be in gratitude—glad gratitude—for in having nothing we find ourselves possessing all things.

A friend of mine, brilliant and able, had adopted as a kind of life-declaration these words: "I am captain of my own soul, I am master of my own fate." Also these words: "Under the bludgeonings of Chance my head might be bloody, but it will be unbowed." Psychological walls of resistance had been built up against life, and they seemed sufficient. But life with a cruel blow struck those walls and they crumbled.

Amid the ruins pride was still there, though deeply humbled. Sitting in a cathedral, yearning for some words of hope and healing, my friend heard the congregation run through the prayers and, loving reality, turned from it all with these words: "It is all too fluent and easy; they don't mean it." Then Christ appeared and said, "Yes, they will not let me do anything for them; neither will you." My friend knew it was the naked crucial truth. That self had never been surrendered, that pride had never been humbled in the dust, and so the God that would be healing stood helpless, waiting until the end of other resources had been reached so that he might offer his. And when the end was reached there was God, tender, healing, intimate. The end of self was the beginning of God. When pride ceased, power began.

"The cross chastens the world," said a Hindu friend to me one day. It does—but it does more than chasten—it kills! It kills and it makes alive. It sends me to a cross and then gives me an Easter morning. It smites me dumb and then makes me speak the wonderful works of God. It strips me of everything I have and then offers everything that God has. I can receive the Divine because I am not Divine. This way of the cross leads to Pentecost. Its end is fullness.

It leads to fullness because the truth of Jesus' statement holds good: "He that findeth his life

shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Lose your life in self-surrender and self-renunciation and you find it again. It is never yours until you give it up. I never truly had a soul until I surrendered it. I had a set of warring, clashing desires, but not a soul, a real soul, until Christ gave it back cleansed, harmonized, found. A great many young people are talking about self-expression who have no self to express. They have chaos and call it a self. The way to self-realization is by way of self-renunciation.

The cults and teachings that begin with self-culture and self-assertion, or assertions about the divinity of the self, end in futility, a vast lifting of oneself by one's own bootstraps. It is quite true that they do seem to offer and give something in the beginning, for a complete self-affirmation seems to give more than the former partial self-letting go. But the end of the resources soon comes, the universe will not approve it and the end is futility.

The Vedanta philosophy is the supreme affirmation of the divinity of man. "Thou art That," "I am Brahma," are its ever-recurring words. Swami Rama Tirath is a supreme example of how the cult of being born from within runs through its resources and extinguishes itself. He is an attractive, joyous soul. Our hearts warm to him. He seems to have caught the

secret of joyous spiritual living, and he preached it throughout the world, especially in America. And he seems to have found it through the Vedanta. But looking a little closer I find that he was a student in a mission school and a professor in a mission college. He was saturated with Christian ideas and his Vedanta was not Vedanta. He seemed to have lived joyously for years on the gospel—the gospel tinctured with Vedantism. The pundits of Benares saw this; twitted him that he knew nothing of Sanskrit and hence nothing of the Vedanta. He took up their challenge, began to study Sanskrit, and to learn the real Vedanta. His biographer and disciple, Puran Singh, tells the rest of the story:

"But this study of Sanskrit killed Swami Rama; it benumbed his gay, birdlike spirit, it changed a poet into a moody philosopher. . . . During this period Swami Rama was imbued with the spirit of Shankara's great philosophy of illusion, and this spirit seemed to sap the foundations of that living joy in him. He was now quite changed; that hilarity had gone. . . . In those days Swami Rama, quite sensitive to criticism himself, and in order to suffer no argument from Narayan Swami, asked him to live apart. I thought and still think that his exegetical studies in original Sanskrit instead of being any help to him deepened his depression and

increased his sorrow of Illusion. He was nearing the Hindu ideal of a Vedantic philosopher and would sit cross-legged for days unaffected by the opposites and unconcerned about his body. He would say: 'Who says there is a world? It never was, never is, and never shall be.' And at the same time he would say: 'You people come and make Rama believe in you as realities and forget Him. All relations are means of forgetting the Lord.' The thoughts of death came crowding in on him these days. The languor of his sad mind showed the depression that was upon him which neither I nor anyone else had the insight to diagnose, far less to cure. . . . Swami Rama made frantic efforts to regain himself, but it seems the philosopher overpowered the sadhu in him, and he died searching for the rose that had perfumed him so wildly. . . . But the torch which Swami Rama took up in his hand was extinguished long before its actual and apparent extinction in the waters of the Billing Ganga where he was drowned."[1]

In East and West cults and tendencies that begin with an utter optimism, asserting even the divinity of man, end in disillusionment and pessimism. They soon run through their resources. The East alternates between the assertion of the divinity of man and the assertion of

[1] *The Story of Swami Rama,* Puran Singh, pages 174, 176, 177, 180, 183, 186, 285, 288.

the nothingness of existence. On the other hand, the gospel begins with a demand for a self-letting-go, life's supreme denial, but it ends with a self-finding, life's supreme affirmation. Its word is, "Let go, let God."

I once watched a bumblebee beat itself against a window pane trying to get out. Finally it fell exhausted upon the window sill and, the window being slightly raised, it crawled through the opening and flew away to freedom. It is only when we give up our self-assertions and fall into the hands of Omnipotent Grace that our souls wing their way to freedom.

This is not merely the statement of narrow evangelicism. It is the place to which all life is pushing us. H. G. Wells, one of the most modern of men, says that the psychologist can now stand beside the preacher and assure us that there is no reasoned peace of heart, no balance, no safety in the soul until a man in losing his life has found it, and has schooled and disciplined his interests and will beyond greeds, rivalries, fears, instincts, and narrow affections. Here Wells comes in sight of the promised land, but only in sight of it, not in possession of it, for his words "schooled and disciplined" still have the smack of the old idea of being born from within. There *is* a place for schooling and disciplining, but only after there is utter surrender to the Master—that settled, the schooling and

disciplining can begin. Until then, there is no losing of one's life, hence there is no finding of it.

This fact of utter self-surrender lay back of Pentecost and precipitated it. One of the things that make Pentecost seem so remote and unavailable is that it all seems so planned out, so sovereign, so impossible for the human to bring it to pass again. On the contrary, when we search beneath the surface we find that the attitude of the disciples was the decisive factor. Up to Pentecost they had been very tentative, very half-way in their self-surrender to the mind of Jesus Christ. They had given up a good deal to follow Christ—loved ones, home, occupations —everything, except themselves. The essential self was still intact, still watchful for rights and first places, still jealous of the position of others. But after Pentecost this was all changed. They had lost themselves, they were no longer tentative, they were abandoned, their interests were fused, they were no longer clashing, they were inwardly free. What had happened? Utter self-surrender had precipitated Pentecost. They had given themselves, so God could give himself. Pentecost was the result. It all waited on that human self-giving. It still waits on it. Pentecost is not merely an event in time, it is a continuing principle in our gospel, and is available whenever the conditions are fulfilled.

But why does God demand self-surrender? Is

he a despot, demanding that he rule over man? Does he want to bend us or even end us before he will do anything for us? Hardly. This condition of self-surrender is not arbitrary, it is inherent in the very facts. Self-surrender is at the basis of all real love. Where there is no mutual self-surrender, say between husband and wife, there is no love. Where each holds back the essential self, love cannot spring up. Now the Divine Self-surrender to us has been complete. The cross is its sign. God can go no further; he has gone to the utmost limit. The one thing lacking is our self-surrender. When that comes love breaks into being. It is spontaneous, inevitable.

But no one can love God until he surrenders to him. The devotees of the cults that teach self-expression and self-cultivation cannot love God because they do not surrender to him.

It must be remembered that in that love we both lose ourselves and find ourselves. In a home where husband or wife, striving for domination, saves himself or herself by a refusal of self-surrender to the other, the self is lost. The home is unhappy. On the contrary, where there is mutual self-surrender there is mutual self-finding; fellowship comes into being, the home is a heaven. There souls grow great and beautiful, for love is their native air.

Souls wither under self-saving. I once saw a

long line of mango trees sprouting from hidden buried seeds. Alongside the beautifully growing seedlings were some unburied mango seeds lying on the surface of the ground. They were saving their lives, they would not pay the supreme price. The inevitable result was taking place—they were losing themselves, for they were withering away. They were doomed to futility and extinction. They refused the supreme law of life, self-giving, and that law was breaking them. The other mango seeds had caught the way to live—they had lost themselves, and were finding themselves in the growing tree.

Jesus came under this same law. At Jerusalem, Pilate's Judgment Hall, "the Pavement" has been unearthed. Graven in the slabs of the Pavement are circles, where the soldiers played their games of chance. Some soldiers, with a smile of contempt, handed over to Pilate a Prisoner. Then they went to play their games around the circle. They were free. But he was not. Cords bound his hands, but deeper still, love bound him soul and body to the needs of a race. Was it Roman nails that held him upon his cross? No, love held him there. He lost himself to the uttermost. But what have the years and the centuries spoken against those hours? Their verdict has been this: those soldiers, free, were free only to wither and die—we would never have known that they lived save as

they were associated with him. But he, dying, lives! He has found himself—his authority, his moral grip, his redemptive touch are supreme in our moral universe. This law works for God and man. No mere tossing of the dice of chance brought Christ to this moral supremacy. Mill says, "Religion could not have done better than to pitch on Jesus as the moral guide of mankind. Even now no better rule of conduct can be found than that one should live so that he should approve the life." True, but religion didn't pitch on Jesus. It couldn't escape him. It has tried to forget him, to crucify him, to bury him, but each time he comes back. He is simply inescapable.

Pentecost stands for the abundant life because Pentecost stands for the total losing of life. Among the Jews Pentecost was the Festival of the First Fruits of the Harvest. But here in a deeper and more significant way it stood for that beginning of the harvest of victorious human living. The harvest waved because it grew from buried seed-selves.

> "I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red
> Life that shall endless be."

Pentecost confronts us with a stern demand for self-giving. The meaning here is not emotion, but devotion. Pentecost means plenty of cost.

If lives are here lighted up, the flame comes from their consuming selves.

The Spirit came upon the disciples "like as of fire," the fire typifying cleansing and consuming. They needed both—the old sin-life to be cleansed and the old self-life to be consumed. The Spirit came upon Jesus, not like fire, for he needed no cleansing, but "like as a dove." To the Hebrew mind the dove was not so much the bird of peace, as it is with us, but the bird offered in sacrifice by the poor. It vividly presented to the mind of Jesus the fact that the Spirit's coming meant his being set apart for sacrifice, for self-giving, for a cross. Both in his case and theirs life in the Spirit meant a cross.

On Good Friday we held an open-air meeting on the hillside of Olivet, overlooking the city of Jerusalem. It was at the time when He went forth to die. For two weeks on that mountain-side we had been facing the world's needs, and we came now to enter into those hours when He took those needs upon his heart to let them break it. We were strangely moved and there was not one of us who did not long to go forth and share with him the burden of the world's pain and sin. I saw the significance of the hour, and leaned over to pluck a wild flower to hold it in memory. As I touched it an Inner Voice said, "Not the wild flower—take a piece of this thornbush and remember the hour by it." It was

from a thornbush that the crown of thorns had been taken and pressed upon his brow. I protested that the thornbush was not beautiful, that its thorns were sharp, and that I preferred the flower. But the Voice was more imperious, "You should take the thornbush, for there is something there that you do not see now." I saw the meaning of the controversy, turned rather reluctantly from the flower, plucked a piece of the thornbush and put it within the folds of my Bible—and deeper, and in a spiritual sense, I put it within the folds of my heart and I wore it there. After some months I chanced to look at the thornbush I had been wearing within my heart and, lo, it was abloom with the Rose of Sharon. Long after the wild flowers would have withered away the crimson freshness of the Rose of Sharon was continually with me—the living Christ was there.

Some of us have been plucking the wild flowers of the gospel—its art, its beauty, its æsthetics, its music, its hallowed companionships, its self-expressions—and we have wondered why they wither so soon and why the whole thing is so fading and unreal. Pentecost confronts us with the issue of a thornbush, a cross, a self-giving. We reluctantly take it, and lo, we find that we have found not a cross, but an Easter morning, not a fading Christ, but a Christ of eternal freshness.

CHAPTER XVIII

PENTECOST AND ENVIRONMENT

In a previous chapter we stated that at Pentecost religion had been loosed from specially sacred places, and yet we find Jesus insisting that his disciples should "not depart from Jerusalem," but to "wait in the city" till they were "endued with power from on high." Why this insistence that they stay in the city of Jerusalem? Was he binding up religion with the Holy City? Hardly. In insisting that they stay there he was really further loosing it from places. For at Jerusalem they had failed miserably. Their moral resources and courage had collapsed under the storm and stress of Passion Week. He bade them stay at the place of their failure, that he might make them adequate at that very place. Had they gone to some other place, they might always have felt that the environment was responsible for the transformation.

Here was religion loosed from specially favorable environments.

A good many of us feel that if we were only differently situated, were in some more favorable environment, we might live a victorious spiritual life. But the disciples were bidden to go into the hardest place they knew, the place

where Judas had betrayed their Lord, where Peter had denied him, and where they had all forsaken him and fled. If they could face these surroundings and be spiritually adequate, then the spiritual life was a possibility anywhere. The spiritual life that Pentecost offers is not a delicate, frail, hothouse plant; it is built to stand storm and strain and stress.

Someone has said that when facing a problem you should raise it in its most difficult phase, solve it there, and you will have solved it all down the line. Jesus here raised the problem of the spiritual life in its most difficult phase, insisting that the disciples stay where they had been most bitterly defeated, where before a whole city they had morally and spiritually collapsed, where a victorious spiritual life seemed on the basis of past experience impossible for them.

Had they found this new life in some mountain retreat, it would have drawn their thinking away from the problems of the city to the peace of the cloister. He taught them in quiet retreats. He transformed them in the city.

It was said of the demoniac who dwelt in the tombs that he was "a man out of the city which had devils." The devils within him were city devils! The devils of Greed, of Lust, of Exploitation, of Unbrotherliness are city devils. When Jesus cast out the devils he commanded them to go into the swine—a fit embodiment for the

devils of Greed and Lust. Into the city of cruelty, where the cry of "Crucify him!" had scarcely died away, the disciples were sent in order to be made spiritually adequate to meet life there.

And they were to meet it far more profoundly than they at first supposed. The account says that in the interval between the resurrection and Pentecost they "were continually in the temple blessing and praising God." And all the time they were dodging the issues! When one is between Easter and Pentecost the moral nerve is lacking to face up to life. It is possible to be in the temple continually, blessing and praising God, and all the time refusing to face living issues. Their going to the temple, their blessing and praising God raised no moral issues, precipitated no spiritual crises, made no one take a stand. It was innocuous. It is possible for Religion to be in the city, to go to its temples of worship and bless and praise God and all the time fail to confront the life of that city. Religion may take on "a protective resemblance," make terms with its environment, lose its power of moral and spiritual offensive and become patronized, respectable—and futile.

But after Pentecost things changed. The disciples immediately faced about and confronted the System that had murdered the Son of God. They were now on a moral and spiritual offensive.

They and what they represented became an issue, so living, so challenging that it was inescapable. The System gnashed on them with its teeth, struck out at them and broke its own arm in the striking. The disciples smiled their way through threats, rejoiced their way through stripes, sang their way through prisons, and triumphed their way through death. And the multitudes watching found themselves wanting the very thing the disciples had. This freedom! This poise! This moral power! Here religion, while on the offensive, was not offensive; it was winsome, compelling. Their weapons were strange indeed—they turned other cheeks, went the second mile, gave the cloak also, refused to do anything but love their persecutors. And they won! Of course they did. What can you do with a thing like that? It never knows when it is defeated, for it turns its defeats into victories and it turns its Calvaries into Easter mornings.

Yet how we have tried to run away from our Jerusalems! Many a pastor asks for "a change" when he should really ask for a change in heart. Many a congregation wants a new minister when it should really seek for a new Master. We are like the fever-tossed man seeking for a cool spot, first on one side of the bed and then on the other, forgetting that the fever is within him. We seek for a change of circumstances when our

need is a change of "innerstances." A pastor came to one of our Conferences to find out what was wrong with his church. He found out—it was the pastor.

In our renewed emphasis on the social we have often scoffed at the statement that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul," but it is the veritable truth. In our emphasis upon the social we have truly said that the home life was impossible in the slums, and yet after we have abolished the slum sections through bettering economic and social conditions we find the home just as badly endangered through selfish divorce. Changing social conditions do not entirely solve the problem. Something deeper is necessary.

When Jesus said, "I make all things new," he laid his hand upon the human heart. For out of the heart are the issues of life. Do not misunderstand me, I am not setting the personal over against the social gospel. They are not contradictory; they are complementary. We are to rescue individual drunkards and strike at the liquor traffic; to attend to the wounded in war and strike at the war system; to pick up those fallen among thieves along Jericho's road and then try to get the thieves. It is not "either or," but "both and." We are not merely individuals, nor merely social beings. We are individuals in social relationships; and if religion is

to be real, it must begin at the individual and go as far as his relationships extend.

The people called Methodists believe in entire sanctification—at least their standards say they do! Personally I do not think we have sophisticated ourselves away from the need of it. If I am to be Christian, I must be Christian with the consent of my whole being. If I start in to be Christian, I see no stopping place this side of my all. Entire sanctification would be the life of Christ entirely dominant in the soul. I have no quarrel with this. My only quarrel is that the sanctification, as usually presented, has not been sufficiently entire. If it is to be entire, it should begin at the individual man and go as far as his relationships—social, economic, racial, and international—extend. Then, and then only, would it be entire sanctification. I am committed to the personal and the social applications of the gospel, nevertheless we must face the fact that Jesus did not undertake to make Jerusalem a safe environment for their faith before he dared send the disciples into it. He changed them, and they went out to change the whole structure of human society. His method was a man.

Asoka, India's greatest king, set up pillars throughout India upon which he inscribed the message of Buddhism, and yet Buddhism died out in India. Jesus wrote his message not on

pillars, but in persons, and it lives on. Pentecost matched new men against the old environment, and they were adequate. "Heal me at the heart and let the world come on," was their cry and ours.

The oldest living city of the world is Damascus. The secret of its long life is in the fact that it nestles close up to the mountains and the river that rises in the mountains is turned under the city so that it reappears in sparkling fountains and in bubbling pools; it becomes, in fact, the flushing system for the whole city. The city is thus being constantly cleansed from within. The river also furnishes power to turn the wheels of the city's industries, both cleansing and power coming from the melting snows of the mountains. The city is thus endued with power and cleansing from on high.

If the will is surrendered and responsive, so that the channels are open, then, flowing from the eternal purity of the divine nature, the life of the Spirit bubbles up within our hearts as a fountain of exquisite joy, cleansing away the impurities of our thinking and acting and providing power by which to live, and to live anywhere.

If our resources are intact, this life can be lived in our Jerusalem. I am not afraid of Jerusalem, but I am afraid of choked channels. I am afraid of the unresponsive will, of prayer-

less hours, of living without what Pentecost provides.

"All I could think of as you spoke to-day was an artesian well," said a discerning lady to a minister. But the life of the Christian Church doesn't always make us think of artesian wells, but of very meager hand-pumping. As Doctor Hutton discerningly says: "Every church now is living too much by its wits. It is too much fretted with anxiety and labor. It lacks certain notes of fullness, of peace, of that confidence in God which is the victory over the world. It is not pregnant, overflowing. It has a basic worry and strain. It has enough to do with itself."

Lady —— told me that her little son came home from Eton one day and said, "Mother, why do all these speakers that come to us always talk to us about conduct? Why don't they talk to us about Jesus and what he is to them?" The little fellow sensed the difference between living the life of duty on one's own resources and of living by the resources of the living Christ. One was a hand-pump, the other an artesian well.

But one day he came out of a meeting in which the sense of Christ was living and real and with face aglow said to his mother, "After a service like that a fellow can say snobs to the devil, can't he?"

After the coming of the mighty re-enforcing of the Spirit the early Christians were

ready to say "snobs" to difficulties, to persecutions, to loss—to Jerusalem. When the old Jerusalem rose up to break them, the new Jerusalem came down to re-enforce them. The new prevailed.

CHAPTER XIX

PENTECOST AND THE CHRISTIAN WEAPONS

THERE is an element at Pentecost, often overlooked, which gave a distinctive characteristic to those who became Christians. Seeley says that the distinctive Christian spirit is the forgiveness of injuries, the refusal to retaliate. Its method is that of overcoming evil with good, hate by love, the world by a cross.

Up to Pentecost the outlook of the disciples was the very opposite of this. They were still wedded to retaliation, still believed in the use of physical force to gain spiritual ends. James and John, two of the most spiritual of the disciples, were ready to call down fire from heaven on those who would not receive them; Peter struck with a sword when his Master was arrested in the garden; when he rode into Jerusalem in his triumphal entry the enthusiasm of the disciples and of the populace was evidently due to the belief that the Son of David would restore David's throne. When they saw at the cross that he was not going to do this "they all forsook him, and fled." On the very eve of Pentecost the disciples asked if at this time the Kingdom was to be restored to Israel, expecting that restoration to be made by semiphysical force.

This whole outlook and attitude had persisted, in spite of the resurrection, right up to Pentecost. After the coming of the Spirit it dropped away. The disciples faced life with new weapons and overcame in a new way. Their former attitude is nowhere even hinted at in the rest of the New Testament. So deeply had they imbibed this new method of facing life that as soon as a soldier became a follower of Christ in the early church he was expected to give up his occupation as incompatible with being a Christian. Their whole dependence on physical force was gone, swallowed up by a dependence on higher force—the force of unconquerable love. Pentecost was the pivot upon which this whole reversal of the outlook turned.

Here, then, at Pentecost religion was loosed from dependence on physical force, was given new weapons with which to face life—the weapons of inexhaustible forgiveness, unquenchable good will, and limitless love.

The special and most beautiful characteristic of the Hindu is *ahimsa*—harmlessness—the doing of no harm to anyone. The special characteristic of the Christian became *ahimsa*—and more. For the Christian spirit went beyond harmlessness to an active love and an active doing of good even to enemies. The Christian spirit overcomes by a forgiveness that goes to seventy times seven, it wins the man who com-

pels you to go one mile by cheerfully going two, it smites the soul of the smiter by turning the other cheek, it overcomes enemies by turning them into friends.

All this actually came as a direct result of the impact of the Divine upon the disciples at Pentecost. They found that the Divine overcame them in this very way. He broke rebellion by tenderness. His method of omnipotence was the cross. Henceforth they could no longer call the Divine by the name of "Jehovah" and "the Lord of Hosts," for these names seemed to recall too much of the physical and military force associated with him in the old days. Now it was "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." A new content had come into the Divine. The Spirit that was within them was incompatible with anything but love.

How grudgingly we have taken to this attitude! The soul of "the fighting male of the West" with his inheritance of the centuries of belief in force has become the battle-ground of contending ideals. The coming of this ideal and attitude of Christ has brought an inner contradiction at the center of our Western civilization. We have a religion that believes in overcoming by love, we have an inheritance that believes in overcoming by force. The strain in our Western civilization results from the clash of these ideals. We cannot give up to Christ, we cannot give him up.

The paganism of the past persists, and now and then takes voice in a Nietzsche, who raves against this way of Jesus as slave morality and cries: "The only vice is weakness: the only virtue is strength. Care nothing for anybody but yourself. The race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. Be hard. Be a superman! All is yours: Take it—if you can get it." If you can get it! That's just the point. As someone has said, "The universe sees that it rots in your hands." Nietzsche, with all his ravings, didn't get it, for he died in a madhouse. The nations in the last war didn't get it, for everybody lost. The prizes of war rotted in their hands. Their blustering strength has turned to millions dead, nations embittered and staggering under impossible debts, and the whole of Europe trembling with the palsy of her own hate. Only one came out of the war with an enhanced reputation—Jesus. Out of the welter of things he rises authoritative and regnant. Our struggle to read his mind into League Covenants and Peace Pacts is our tribute to the Silent Commander. We are beginning to have it burned in upon our consciences that our big navies are not the sign of our strength, but the sign of our weakness; the sign of how little we love, of how little we are ruled by good will, of how little we trust.

We are beginning to realize, dimly, that like produces like, that hate begets hate, big navies

beget big navies, war begets war. "A war to end war" is an absurdity. Can Satan cast out Satan —can I by acting like the devil cast the devil out of people? Yet war is an attempt to do that very thing. The only possible way to get rid of an enemy is to turn him into a friend, and that is the gospel way.

"What can your Master do for you now?" sneered a tyrant who had a Christian in his power. "He can help me to forgive you," replied the Christian. And that broke the arm of the tyrant. For this new spirit is power.

How reluctantly have we of the West, enamored of the fighting centuries, taken to this new power! "You Christians of the West should have the Bhagawad Gita as your sacred book, for it is founded on war, while we of India should have the New Testament as our sacred book, for it is founded on conquering by love—the exchange would suit us both better," said an Indian to a European at the outbreak of the Great War. There is enough truth in what he said to make it sting.

"Your New Testament teaches you to love your enemies, while our sacred book teaches us to fight, therefore you should set us a better example," said a Moslem to me one day, and I wished from the depths of my heart that I could broadcast his message to our "Christian" world.

For love is our native air. Hate is like acid

to the lungs. It leaves confusion and death. I saw in Vienna the room in which the ultimatum was signed and then sent to Serbia—the spark that lighted the World War. With what confidence in the power of military force those men strode into that fateful room! But when I saw the room it was not being used any more, the carpets were rolled up, the pictures off the walls and the chairs and furniture topsy-turvy. It was all a symbol of what war and hate can do —they turn order into chaos, our world into a hell.

But what healing power there is in love! I sat beside a veteran missionary as he lay dying of a cancer. He told me he had been dictating his memoirs. I asked if he had dictated the story of how he won the pujari, the priest of the temple. With a wan smile he said, "Why, no; I'd forgotten about that."

The story was this: Some Arya Samajists made up a plot in the temple to break up the preaching of our friend and his band of workers. The pujari of the temple heard them making the plot and went the next day expecting to see the sahib fly into a rage. The Arya Samajists poured dust on the head of my friend and then waited for the explosion. Instead he quietly wiped it off and went on telling his message without any signs of anger. The pujari was dumbfounded. A sahib—a mighty member of the

ruling race—to act like that! What made him do it? He went to the missionary the next day to find out. He was told that it was the love of Christ. Then said the pujari, "That is what I need." To-day he is a Christian preacher.

The missionary had forgotten the incident. Could the rest of us forget it? We might forget many other things about him—his great organizing ability, his financial genius—but not this. For this was power! His gentleness had made him great.

If the church could again find this power, it would make her great. I know of one church in India that has two characteristics of Pentecost—an adequate spiritual life and touch with the life of the city; in touch with God and in touch with man. If we had a church like that planted in every city and town in India, I would be willing to say, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." There is a "Fellowship of Silence" at this place and Christians and non-Christians, mostly lawyers, meet each day for an hour of silence. In this silence one of these lawyers opened his soul to the Spirit and was transformed. After his baptism persecution set in and he was deprived of some hundreds of thousands of rupees by the intriguing relatives. But they soon began to squabble among themselves over the spoils. In their desperation they came to the despoiled man and asked him to be their

referee in the division of the money. He actually accepted and did his best to untangle things. When he felt that he had done his part he asked to be excused from further attendance in the case, but they came to him in a body and begged him not to withdraw, "for," they said, "you are the only one any of us can trust."

Their spoil was decaying in their hands. His moral authority was going up by leaps and bounds. He, the loser, was winning; they, the winners, were losing. The universe was with him and against them. His type was the final type of power.

Had we kept this method of facing life clear through the centuries, our gospel would be regnant in the world to-day. But we lost Pentecost and with it this new type of power. So we linked religion with physical force and with the inevitable decay of that force religion also decayed and instead of being regnant, it rotted. We have not yet shaken off this unholy alliance, for in a great religious conference of picked men from throughout the world a judge arose and said, "Of course we must have war, for we must protect our religion from the rise of the colored races." As I listened my universe reeled and I knew I was face to face again with stark paganism; Jesus seemingly had not lived and Pentecost had not given birth to a new race.

When I came back to myself I knew the judge

was the voice of an expiring paganism. Christ has hold of us and his power is the ultimate type of power. It must prevail. Under his sway we are throwing off that pagan past. During the last two hours of the recent Jerusalem Conference there was a debate on the question of whether we should ask the governments of sending countries to withdraw all military protection from missionaries and from mission property. We felt by accepting this protection we were abandoning our own weapons of good will and trust. The decision was made that we should ask for no protection but rely upon the protection of our own good will and service. We thus stripped our gospel of the pagan accretions of the centuries. Two minutes after this decision was made it was Easter morning—in more senses than one! The Christian movement had come back to that new spirit that was born at Pentecost.

For Pentecost means power—power to forgive injuries, to keep an unsoured spirit amid the deepest injustices, to overcome evil with good, hate by love, and the world by a cross.

CHAPTER XX

PENTECOST AND UNITY

THE gospel was intended to unite, to heal, to produce a brotherhood, to make the world one. That gospel has often been so changed that, in fact, it has been used to divide, to wound, to produce innumerable sects and to make the world more disrupted than ever. The curse of religion has been in its divisiveness. All the time there has been at the heart of our gospel the fact that the Spirit founds life in love, therefore brings unity and produces brotherhood. We see this vividly at Pentecost. Here we find men of diverse temperaments, of clashing nationalities, of deeply ingrained prejudices brought together in the deepest and most far-reaching unity that this world has ever seen. "Now there was but one heart and soul among the multitude of the believers."

Here religion was loosed from divisiveness and made into the most powerful unifying force that the world has ever seen.

This unity was not merely in externals, but in the deepest realms of human living—in purpose, in outlook, in the very temper of their minds. Out of confusion fusion had come. Why is it, then, that for centuries Christianity has been

divisive? The only answer is that the Spirit has grown faint within our consciousness and the spirit of denominationalism, of jealousy, of rivalry has taken his place.

Before Pentecost the disciples were divisive and disruptive in their attitudes; after Pentecost they were unitive. Why were they divisive before Pentecost? If we turn to Luke 9, we find the root of their difficulty, and as the same thing is the root of our difficulties, we must trace it. In the quietness of the prayer hour (verse 18) Jesus asked the disciples who they thought he was. On the lips of Peter trembled the great confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." It was a great hour. Their minds had arrived. We might well expect that from this moment on their lives would fit into that great fact, and would take on harmony, symmetry, and power. On the contrary, the rest of the chapter is filled with clashes and blunders. Why did not the recognition that Jesus was the Son of God solve their spiritual problems? It did not and it does not solve ours. Why? Because they were living on an utterly different basis from that of Jesus. His was the attitude of self-losing, theirs of self-asserting. They had given up everything except—themselves. Immediately after this revelation that he was the Son of God had dawned upon them, Jesus tried to get the disciples to come over to his attitude.

They saw that he was the Son of God; he tried to let them see what was at the center of his being the Son of God, namely, a cross. He spoke to them of that cross and invited them to take up theirs. It stunned them. He immediately reassured them by saying that if they would lose their lives as he was asking them to do, they would find them; but that if they found them as they were doing, they would lose them.

They did not get the lesson, so he took three of the most spiritually minded to the mount to teach them the same lesson in a vivid way. On the mount he and Moses and Elias "talked of his decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem." As he stood facing that cross he became luminous, transfigured. He tried to let the disciples see that life would only shine as it faces its cross; in other words, life that would be found only as it loses itself. They were trying to shine by self-assertion, so they did not get the message.

At the foot of the mountain the disciples fumbled in the casting out of a demon. With a word Jesus cast it out and gave the boy back to his father. They all "marveled at the majesty of God." But "while they all marveled at the things that he did Jesus said to his disciples: 'Let these sayings sink down into your ears: for the Son of man shall be delivered into the hands of men.'" In other words, he was saying to

them: You think my greatest glory is in physical miracle. It is not. It is in laying down my life —in self-giving. The account adds these ominous words: "But they understood not this saying." Why? Because they understood not this attitude toward life. We understand not by an intellectual act but only by a spiritual attitude. They had the attitude of self-saving, so they did not understand the saying about self-losing.

The next verse reveals their attitude of self-assertiveness working its way out in relationships: "Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest." Christian worker was clashing with Christian worker. The cause? Self-assertion. Fully one half to three quarters of our problems in the mission fields are taken up with the problems of relationships of worker with worker. I have no reason to assume that it is different at the home base. One Christian worker, realizing how difficult it was to get along with his colleague, at the close of a vacation wired to him as follows: "Be much in prayer, I'm coming home." It would be easy to be a Christian worker if we could be one alone. But we are compelled to be related to others, and a Christian is one who gets along well with others in the Spirit of Jesus Christ. The reason we cannot get along well is that we each want to govern (the pagan attitude), instead of serving (the Christian attitude). "Ye

know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would become great among you shall be your servant [marg.]: and whosoever would be first among you shall be your bond-servant [marg.]: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many" (Matt. 20. 25-28). If you want to be "great," be a "servant," but if you want to be "first," then go deeper still, be a "bond-servant." The way to greatness is open—it is by greatly giving. In the apostolic church after Pentecost the order was this: "God has set people within the church to be first of all apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, then workers of miracles, then healers, helpers, administrators, and speakers in tongues of various kinds" (1 Cor. 12. 28, Moffatt). Here "administrators" (or "governments," as the old version has it) are just about last, and after "helpers." Among us that word "administrators" has climbed straight to the top. Among them the serving type was at the top and the governing type at the bottom, utterly revealing as to where the self-assertive attitudes had been placed. Among us the serving types are at the bottom and the governing types at the top, utterly revealing as to where the self-assertive attitudes have climbed. With what

result? We are full of jealousies about place, hence full of clash and divisiveness. At the top, did I say? No, not really, for it is true of them as it is true of us: if we save ourselves, we lose ourselves in the very process. The disciples were never so small as when they were most pathetically trying to be big. By taking thought we cannot add one cubit to our stature. We are what we are, and can add to our stature only by refusing to take thought for ourselves and by thinking only of serving.

Here was the first clash among the disciples, on account of their self-assertive attitude toward life. Now take the second. As soon as Jesus said to them the penetrating words, "For he that is least among you the same is great," John felt inwardly convicted about an occurrence and spoke of it: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us" (Luke 9. 49). The first clash was individual Christian worker against individual Christian worker; the second clash was group of workers against group of workers. Self-assertiveness may be in the individual, it may be in the group. They were ready to quarrel within the group, but they were also ready to assert the claims of their group against another group. Had they been Christian-minded they would have welcomed and rejoiced in the casting out of the devils by others, but since

they were denominational-minded they forbade it. They forbade it because they were afraid that the other group would cast out more devils than their group cast out and thus secure a bigger name! They were quite willing that the devils should stay in if their crowd couldn't cast them out!

Denominationalism has become more refined since that day, but the undertone of group-selfishness with its consequent clash is still with us. It is laying its paralyzing hand on the religious situation to-day. The next step in the Christianizing of so-called Christian lands is the closing of competing churches and uniting in the spirit of Pentecost. I saw on opposite street corners of a small town in the United States three churches—a Methodist Episcopal, a Methodist Protestant, and a Methodist Episcopal, South. Denominationalism would keep open all three—Christianity would close two—any two.

The churches that deliberately take the attitude of separation, or only grudgingly give way to the pressure for unity, forfeit their right to leadership in a world where to-day world tendencies are toward unity. In saving themselves they lose themselves.

The disciples as a group were never so small as when they were trying most to be big. They were never so impotent in moral authority as when assuming authority over other groups.

This law of losing life by saving it was breaking them with almost mathematical precision. Group-selfishness is group-suicide. Had Pentecost not brought unity and fellowship, they would have buried themselves in the grave of their own narrowness. That was the second clash—group against group. Take the third. Jesus sent the disciples to prepare for him in a city of the Samaritans. The Samaritans would not receive them, for the faces of Jesus and his disciples were set toward Jerusalem. This made the Jewish soul of John angry, and he asked Jesus if they could call down fire from heaven to consume them, even as Elias did. Here was the third clash: Jew against Samaritan, race against race. Self-assertion can be in the individual, in the group, and in the race.

John thought he knew how to treat the people of another race. What they needed was fire! And he quoted the precedent of Elias for his attitude—that was the way they did in the good old times. He backed it by religious precedent. The attitude of one people toward the people of another race is usually the same: fire—fire from heaven or fire from guns! And because of this self-assertive attitude of race toward race the world is in a state of tension. This tension breaks out periodically into war, which, by its spirit, methods, and outlook, is the most un-Christian thing I know.

John thought he was showing national righteous indignation; he was, in fact, showing himself and his nation ridiculous. John and his nation were never so small as when, by bluster, they were most trying to be big. The law of losing life by finding it is operative among nations precisely as it is among groups and individuals.

Here were the individual, the group, and the race all out of harmony, and clashing. The cause that lay back of it was self-assertion working itself out in individual, group, and racial relationships. What made this self-assertiveness more dangerous was that it was religious; it thereby became fanatical.

With the glorious recognition fixed in their minds that Jesus was the Son of God, nevertheless not a single thing was done right in the rest of the chapter. Christianity to them showed a wonderful revelation, but little result. All their individual, group and race relationships were fundamentally wrong. These relationships were fundamentally wrong because *they,* the individuals, were fundamentally wrong. When their fundamental attitudes toward life were changed at Pentecost, then those relationships righted themselves. When they let go themselves, took toward life the attitude of the cross, then that cross in them reconciled them to others. The cross is the reconciling method between God and

man and between man and man, group and group, nation and nation.

Pentecost put the cross at the center of their lives, hence it righted all their relationships. First of all it righted their personal relationships. After Pentecost Peter stood up, not against the eleven as hitherto, but "with the eleven." They were for him, because he was not for himself. The apostles now wanted nothing for themselves, hence men "sold their land and laid it at the apostles' feet." They did more—they laid themselves at the apostles' feet. Before Pentecost the apostles wanted everything and had nothing; after Pentecost they wanted nothing and had everything.

Not only were their personal relationships righted, their group relationships too were righted. So fundamentally had their ideas changed that Paul, the spokesman of this new fellowship, cried out when division showed itself: "Brothers, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, I beg of you all to drop these party-cries. There must be no cliques among you, you must regain your common temper and attitude. . . . Has Christ been parceled out?" (1 Cor. 1. 10-13, Moffatt.)

But so used to "party-cries" have we become that we have naturalized them within our thinking and within our systems until we have elevated them to the status Christian when

they should have been rightly kept at the status carnal. A return to Pentecost would so cleanse us down to relevancy that it would make many of our denominational differences look absurd and beside the point.

A frontal attack on them very often does no more than drive them deeper. The dead leaves that cling to a tree during the storms of winter are pushed off from within by the rising life of the sap in the spring. A good many dead leaves cling to our gospel in spite of the storms of controversy through the centuries. They will fall off when we find the life of Spirit.

After Pentecost the race relationships of the disciples were also righted. Instead of calling down fire upon the heads of the Samaritans to destroy them we find the apostles in one of their cities laying their hands on the heads of these Samaritans and praying, not that the fire of heaven should destroy them, but that the fire of the Spirit should deliver them (Acts 8. 15). There was some lingering hesitancy in the soul of Peter about other races, but telling about it afterward, he says, "The Spirit bade me go with them, making no distinction." The Spirit in our lives to-day will also bid us go into life making no racial distinctions. If he does not, then it is some other spirit. Peter obeyed and went to open the doors of life to the Gentiles, so he thought, but found instead that he was flinging

open the doors to larger life for himself. He lost his Jewish Brahmanhood and found his world-wide Brotherhood.

There is one place, and only one place, where we can find our unity in personal, group, and racial relationships: Christ.

The British Empire is held together around the person of the king. In a far more fundamental way we are united around the person of Christ. If we only knew it, we are the most united people on earth, for whenever we drop beneath our surface differences into experience we talk the same language, we share the same life—the life of Christ.

Pentecost brings unity because Pentecost is Christ-centric. As the wedding processions go through the streets of an Indian city at night the torch-bearers will hold up their torches so that the bridegroom, seated on his bedecked horse, is illuminated. Christ said of the Spirit, "He shall glorify me"—he makes luminous the person of Christ. And because Christ is central and luminous, marginal differences no longer command the situation. They are lost sight of in the glow of this central Fact.

A little girl was trying to fit together the States of the United States in a puzzle game. She was distracted, for it was difficult to fit in the irregular boundary lines. As she was about to give it up in despair she noted that on the

other side was the face of George Washington. It occurred to her that she could fit that face together, for she revered the father of her country. After she had lovingly fitted his face together she turned it over and lo, all the States now fitted in. We have been distracted trying to fit in doctrine with doctrine, polity with polity, and denomination with denomination. There is only one place where we can be unified —around the Christ Person. When we realize our oneness here, we then realize that we are not so far away in other things. For Christ brings a sense both of reconciliation and of relevancy.

CHAPTER XXI

PENTECOST AND THE MORALLY FIT

ANOTHER thing that makes the possession of the Spirit seem so remote and unavailable is the fact that it seems only for rare, morally élite souls. For the stumbling multitudes it appears to be out of the question.

Even the great-souled have made us feel the remoteness of possessing God in redemptive clarity. "Who has ever seen Brahma face to face?" cried the Buddha. "I have not seen him, nor do I know him, but I have made the world's faith in God my own," said the great-souled Gandhi. A Prime Minister of an Indian State, chairman of one of my meetings, quoted the Persian poet who said, "We are like the ships that put out for the port of finding God, but none ever return and tell us they have found."

If this is the language of earnest religion, what about the ordinary man? Does not one have to attain to a certain degree of moral excellence before he is eligible for the Spirit? According to the New Testament, NO! Peter makes the astounding statement on the day of Pentecost to the multitudes that surrounded him, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission

of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2. 38, 39). The highest was thrown open to the morally unfit, for the only condition attached was that they turn around—in other words, repent. This offer was made to the very multitudes who had crucified the gentle-hearted Son of God. Yet without a restriction or hesitation Peter announced to them that they could receive the Holy Ghost.

Here was religion loosed from specially morally fit classes and its dynamic made available for the unfit.

Many of us have felt that perhaps other disabilities might not debar, but that this fact of moral unfitness does debar. And our sense of moral unfitness may not come from the outer gross sins of the flesh, but from those inner subtle sins of the disposition, of ill-temper, of selfishness, of mind-impurity. "I cannot get away from the unhappiness in my heart," said a Bengali woman to a Christian friend. Some of us could say that we cannot get away from the uncleanness of our hearts. This is our central plague. Sometimes we are tempted to say of ourselves what was said to Simon Magus, "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God."

But herein lies the deepest note of the gospel: God asks for nothing, either in the case of the outer gross sins or in the case of the mind-sins, but the reversed will, for a turning away from, and lo, the gates to life are open. I say, "turning away from," and this is important, for it is possible to loathe the sins of the flesh or the sins of the disposition, to fight against them, to pray against them, to do everything—except surrender them! But when once the will consents to let them go there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the way of purity that is not open to that man.

I came away from the Ashram of a great devotee, who, in his search to find God, had not seen anyone for eight months, repeating to myself, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." This is the distinction between the gospel and all other ways. Other ways are man's search for God, the gospel is God's search for man. He follows us down the years, we turn, and lo, we are in the Arms of Redeeming Love. Does this sound commonplace and trite? Only to the man who has never experienced it. To the one who has experienced it the wonder of the miracle of it will never cease.

One of the greatest saints of modern India was won to Christ by this very fact. Pandita Ramabai went to England as a Hindu to get some ideas and plans for social reform among

her sisters of India. In the slums of London she saw pure-faced, devoted women rescuing the fallen girls. When she asked who these women were she was told that most of them had themselves been rescued from a life of shame, and having been rescued they had gone back into the slums to rescue others. And when she asked what power had wrought that miracle, she was told, "The power of the living Christ." She brought back to India not merely social ideas and plans, but this redemptive Person. She became the center of the greatest social movement of the modern day for the uplift of India's womanhood.

While in his sermon Peter seems to link the offer of the Holy Spirit with repentance and the beginnings of the Christian life at baptism, nevertheless, according to my own observation and experience, and according to the rest of the Scriptures, this gift is usually associated with later stages of the spiritual life. It is true that every sincere Christian has a measure of the Spirit, but at Pentecost the coming was measureless. While every Christian has life, here was life abundant. The disciples found this gift not in the beginning of their discipleship but midway. We can see why this was true then and holds true to-day. It might be explained as follows: Someone has said that on any subject the mind always acts in three stages. First, there is

the rapid climb; second, a long plateau; and, third, the table-land of discouragement. In the beginnings of the spiritual life there is the rapid climb in conversion. Then there is the long plateau where life is on a permanently higher level. But the third stage is the table-land of discouragement. In this stage we find things in our lives that are still unchristian; we become disillusioned about other Christians and we often lay semi-paralyzed hands upon our tasks. We feel that we are still very partially Christianized. True, there are the heights when the vision is clear and God is a conscious reality, but the valleys ensue. We are on a table-land, alternating between inspiration and depression. This is a Seventh-Chapter-of-Romans experience, and many stop here as if this constituted the Christian life. At this stage a great many fall by the wayside and give up the attempt to be Christian. Others feel the beckoning of the Eighth Chapter of victory and a spiritual crisis is precipitated. They know they must go on or go under. The choice is now between Pentecost and penury. I have watched this crisis come in the lives of young missionaries, usually within a year or so after their arrival on the field. India finds them, discovers the weak spots, and forces upon them a spiritual crisis. They must now go on to spiritual mastery or sink back into spiritual mediocrity. To reach this crisis with a gospel with-

out Pentecost in it as a vital possibility is tragedy; to reach it with Pentecost as the open door is normal Christianity.

In going through the Panama Canal our ship ran into a lock, the huge doors were closed upon us, and from below great fountains bubbled up around us. In just seven minutes our ship was lifted thirty-five feet. The gates opened and we glided out on to a higher level. Then we ran into another lock, the process was repeated, and we glided out on a still higher level into the Gatun Lake. We went through the canal by a series of crises. The soul, too, usually goes onward by just such a series of crises. The gates of decision are shut upon us, we meet the issue and decide God's way; then there is the bubbling of the inner joy, the gates are opened, we are loosed to higher living. Then again we face the question of the halfwayness of our spiritual level, the unsatisfactoriness of being partly Christian. We are driven to another crisis, where we must decide about an utter and unqualified surrender to the Divine Will. We make the decision and again the great deeps are broken up, a peace that often breaks into a bubbling joy is ours, there is the sense of being lifted, the gates to abundant life are open, and we move out on a permanently higher level.

An important thing in our rising from the lower level to the Gatun Lake was the fact that

each time we rose it was the water of the lake that came down and lifted us up. We trusted ourselves to the self-giving of the lake and were lifted to its level. This is true in our rising to higher spiritual levels. We rise by God's coming down and giving himself, that he might lift us to himself. It is all of Grace.

This may seem cheap and easy, but underlying it is the greatest demand that can be made of us, namely, the innermost ambition, the secret citadel, our very all. Never was a more costly gift offered—to Him or to us. But no man who takes the Gift ever thinks of the cost; he is overwhelmed at the freeness of it.

Instead of taking this gift and living by it, however, we often do as did the poor man who received from a kind friend a check that was intended to turn his poverty to plenty. He took the check and in gratitude framed it and hung it upon the wall! We take these rich offers of God, his promises, and instead of presenting them as checks to be cashed, we place them as mottoes upon our walls and continue to live in our spiritual poverty. These promises are not to look at, but to live by.

But let no one think that because this is offered freely to the morally unfit there is a moral looseness in it. James says that "the worth of any experience can be judged by its philosophical reasonableness, its immediate lu-

minousness and its moral helpfulness." Judged by the test of moral helpfulness, this experience that Pentecost brought shines like the very sun against a background of Egyptian midnight. In those early days men sensed at once that the Spirit that came was the *Holy Spirit.* That name was given because he brought the sense of holiness. In this new moral atmosphere lies withered and died. When we study the case of Ananias we see that now the disciples felt that the lie of lies was the offering to God something less than one's all. The lie on Ananias' lips was tragic because of the lie in Ananias' soul—there he offered less than his all.

Harnack says that there was set up at Pentecost a sense of moral tension that sagged and became flabby only when the living sense of the Spirit died away and religion ran into stereotyped forms and ceremonies.

No; if this gift was offered to the morally unfit, they immediately became the morally fit. Their goodness glowed, their purity penetrated.

I once stood in a village and gazed upon the dazzling whiteness of the everlasting snows of the Himalayas. At my feet I saw a tiny foul pool, stained by the life of the village. I said to the little pool: "I know a power that will lift you out of this foulness, will purify you and make you share the whiteness of those everlasting snows. Here is the sunbeam; yield to its

upward pull, trust it completely." The foul drops yielded, were lifted, and I saw them again dropped as pure snow flakes upon the everlasting mountains.

O soul of mine, very like those foul drops, to you is offered this Gentle Power to lift you out of the uncleanness of even your mind-sins to the white purity of God. Let go, let God!

CHAPTER XXII

PENTECOST AND SPIRITUAL CULTURE AND CONQUEST

Some of the phenomena at Pentecost were transient, but two facts were permanent. Peter, speaking of the Gentiles' Pentecost, said, "God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith" (Acts 15. 8, 9).

Here was one element common to both the Jews' and the Gentiles' Pentecost, namely, that by the coming of the Spirit their hearts were purified. Purification of heart was a common element in both these outstanding comings of the Spirit and hence seems to be a permanent element in his coming everywhere.

The second was when Jesus said to his disciples, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts 1. 8). Power to witness for Christ was to be an abiding element, from Jerusalem to the ends of the earth. We have, then, the two permanent elements that the coming of the Spirit brings: purification of

the heart and power to witness effectively for Jesus Christ. The one is to supply my own need, the other is to supply the needs of others. One is for Christian culture and the other is for Christian conquest. One goes to the innermost heart and the other goes to the outermost world.

These two things cover our spiritual needs. We need personal purity, we need propagating power. The purity the disciples received was not purity from outward gross sins—these had already been sloughed off. They were purified not from the sins of the flesh, but from the sins of the disposition. Drummond has called our attention to the difference, in the parable of the prodigal, between the younger-brother sins, the sins of the flesh, and the elder-brother sins, the sins of the disposition. The one sinned low down in his flesh and the other sinned high up in his disposition. The sins from which the disciples at Pentecost received cleansing were the elder-brother sins of bad temper, of self-seeking, of jealousy, of unbrotherliness and lack of love. This is the place where religious people need desperately to be cleansed. The sins of the disposition are hurting us far more than the sins of the flesh. Bad-tempered "saints" are hindering the kingdom of God far more than are drunkards. Someone has said that "if we can hold our tongues, we can hold anything else." But religious people often do not hold

their tongues. There is petty backbiting, tearing each other's character to pieces through jealousy and scandal-mongering. Our Conferences are often filled with jostling for place and honor and power, and the appalling thing is that we often do all this religiously and in the name of principle. Eucken says there is no danger to religion so great as this, that the old life, put out by repentance and conversion, comes back and takes over the new forms in the service of the old self. In that case we are selfish still, but now religiously and piously so. We still quarrel, but now it is over "principle." "Lilies that fester smell worse than weeds," and religion turned selfish and little-souled is exceedingly malodorous.

If Pentecost brings purification from the sins of the disposition, then another Pentecost is long overdue. Someone has said that the parasite, sin, is killed by raising the tone of the health of the organism upon which it feeds. These men at Pentecost found their pettinesses killed by the sense of spiritual health. Their selfishness seemed so irrelevant in the light of this self-giving on the part of God. It was all gone.

But to cleanse them was not enough; they needed power to live and to witness effectively for Christ. We have inherited from those early Christian centuries a vocabulary of power, but

not the fact of power. One listening to the ordinary Christian service is struck with how the words used denote power, spiritual victory and mastery, but that much of the rest of the service denotes the opposite. We come under the delusion of words: we use the words denoting power and take it for granted that we possess their New Testament content.

I once dictated to some Chinese students what they should write in their Bibles as their Christian decision. The last line was, "And by His grace I will be His witness." Some of the little girls misunderstood the word "witness" for "weakness," and wrote, "And by His grace I will be His weakness." A good many of our present-day church members could sign that! The supreme problem is to turn this weakness into a witness.

A lawyer friend was in his study preparing an address which he was to give before a religious gathering. His little girl interrupted, wanting him to play with her. He told her that he must have quiet to think about what he would say. Her reply was: "Don't you know what to talk about? Tell them about Jesus—that's what lawyers are for, isn't it?" Yes, that is what lawyers are for, what we all are for—to tell about Jesus, not by word only but by the whole impact of the life. Yet that is the place where we are weakest. Jesus told us of

four places in which we should not put our light, lest it be snuffed out. He warned against putting it "under a bushel," "under a vessel," "in a cellar," and "under a bed." First, the bushel. A bushel is a symbol of trade, of business, of occupation. Here he warns us against putting our lighted lives under our business, so that the business becomes uppermost and snuffs out the lighted life. In a commercial age this is our chief sin. But it is possible to make the bushel into a candle-stand so that the light is on top of the bushel and not under it. In that case the bushel is lighted as well as the surroundings—the business becomes the medium of a message. This is Christian. But the gospel of being a success in business has so gripped our age that the gospel of being a success as a Christian is often overshadowed by it—the light goes out. We become the people of a bushel instead of the people of a blessing.

Again he warns against putting our light under "a vessel." This may refer to a household vessel or to a temple vessel. In the former case it would mean household duties, which in many a woman's life become paramount, and the business of being a Christian witness becomes secondary. And the light goes out. But Jesus' reference may be to a temple vessel, in which case it would mean that overshadowing of religious duties, rites, and ceremonies which keeps

the minister so busy with the things of religion that he has little time or disposition for immediate contact with individuals to lead them into conscious fellowship with Jesus Christ. He is more religious than Christian. His light goes out under a temple vessel. The third warning is against hiding the light "under a bed." The bed is the symbol of the flesh life, and properly so, as far as the thought of rest is concerned. To all too many, however, it symbolizes either laziness or licentiousness. Sexuality, even in the legalized marriage relationship, will snuff out the spiritual. Thus many a lighted life has been snuffed out and spiritual darkness and inefficiency have resulted. And this may come not only from lack of self-control, but by making sex a feverish center of thought. If the sex-life is not a sacrament it is a stumbling-block.

The last warning—that the lighted life should not be put "in a secret place," or "in a cellar" (R. V.)—covers most of our difficulties, for it stands for the fear that paralyzes. We are afraid, so we keep our lighted lives "in a cellar." Our fears come out of our lack of resources to meet life. Herein lies the boldness of the disciples after Pentecost. They were bold because they had inner spiritual resources to meet life. They matched their souls against the situation and they were adequate. They had what we call spiritual power.

Spiritual power is seldom found because it is so often sought. It cannot be found if sought directly. If sought directly for itself, the seeking will be tinged, most likely, with desire for spiritual power for purposes of personal success in religious work, for the acclaim that comes to anyone who spiritually excels. This introduces a fatal element.

Spiritual power is a by-product of something deeper. It comes out of inward fellowship with God and abandonment to his purposes. Most of us have no spiritual power because we are not abandoned. "Blessed are the pure [literally, the single-minded] in heart: for they shall see God." We are not single-minded, hence we do not see God in inner fellowship and in outward power. It is not that we do not love him but that we do not love him completely. We give to him, but do not give up to him. The difference between a river and a swamp is that one has banks and the other has none. The swamp is very gracious and kindly, it spreads over everything, hence it is a swamp. Some of us are moral and spiritual swamps. We are so broad and liberal that we take in everything from the shady to the sacred. Hence we are swamps. A river has banks—it confines itself to its central purpose. The civilizations of the world organize themselves not around swamps, but around rivers. There are those who refuse to tolerate anything

that cuts across their central Christian purpose. They decide that there must be "the utmost for the highest," they cease from the divided will, become the pure in heart, the single-minded, and hence see God—see him work in and through them. Around such lives the lives of groups, of cities, of nations begin to organize themselves. They become centers of power.

Gibbons' account of the Emperor Gallienus is instructive: "He was a master of several curious but useless sciences, a ready orator, an eloquent poet, a skillful gardener, an excellent cook, and a most contemptible prince." This might describe many of our spiritual lives. We are everything and nothing—everything, and "most contemptible" Christians.

Someone has said that "the danger of shallow education is oversophistication, the false tolerance that is essentially indifferentism, because the great fundamental convictions and ideals have lost their hold on the man." The danger of shallow Christianity is that same oversophistication, the false tolerance that is essentially indifferentism. We tolerate everything in our lives, and hence must finally tolerate our own spiritual paralysis. Paul said, "This one thing I do;" we would have said, "These forty things I dabble in." He was a river. We are swamps. There lies the difference.

We must bring in the scattered will and cen-

ter it upon God's purposes. When two charged electrodes come together light breaks out between them. Bring together the charged electrode of the surrendered seeking human will and the charged electrode of God's redemptive will, and at the junction light and power break out. All of the divine resources are back of the surrendered will. If you do what God says, he will do what you say. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." You can command God because you utterly obey him. When this merging of interests takes place then you can say, "I can, because God can." A wire attached to a load can be used to pull it only to the degree of its own strength, but that same wire attached to a dynamo transmits power not to the degree of its own strength, but according to the might of the electricity within it. One is impressed that after Pentecost an Almighty Will was working within hitherto weak wills. No wonder they turned the world upside down, for the Power that had made the world was remaking it through them. Streeter says that the Spirit is "The Beyond that is Within." But this is more than being spatially the Beyond—he is the Beyond what we are and can do, and yet that Beyond becomes the Within. Through him we can do anything we ought to do. Pentecost is the Sermon on the Mount become practicable.

Here the ideal is fused into the real. Pentecost is power.

The saxifrage is, literally, "the rock breaker." It puts its roots down into the cracks of a rock and breaks it to pieces. Soft rootlets rend rocks, because there is higher life in the roots. The early Christians put their tiny rootlets of thought and act down into the cracks of great pagan systems of religion and life, and before men knew what had happened these systems had crumbled to ruins. The magnificent ruins of the Roman city of Jerash can be seen in Transjordania. The city was founded upon the incense trade with Arabia, the incense being used in the pagan temples. The Christians changed men's minds about God, the incense ceased to burn on pagan altars and the great city crashed into ruins. What a tiny soft rootlet it was—the change of men's thought about God—and yet it smashed not only that Roman city but the whole Roman empire. These men and their message were spiritual saxifrages, the rock-breakers.

In these days of big business and big successes religion has caught the contagion and has been pursuing hugeness. It has been moving away from those simple elemental forces that lie at the heart of our gospel. That hugeness has turned to hollowness.

Chalmers, eloquent and persuasive, attracted

great audiences. He thundered from his Sinai against the sins of Scotland and tried to bring the Scotch to an obedience to the commandments. They went away saying how great Chalmers was. They took the man and forgot the message. It sickened Chalmers, both in soul and body. He lay helpless upon his bed, feeling that he was a failure. He was at the end of his resources. Here God met him and offered him the resources of the Spirit. He took them. He went back to his pulpit a new man. Now the crowds no longer went away to talk about the greatness of Chalmers, but about the greatness of Chalmers' gospel. He wrote the Ten Commandments on the soul of Scotland. A personal Pentecost had turned him into an effective witness.

I have watched the peasants of India laboriously lifting water into their rice fields by a basket suspended on ropes. It is hard, slow work. But I have also watched the sunbeams come and quietly and gently lift the water and drop it down upon their fields. It was done without strain. Some of us have tried pathetically to lift the level of the life amid which we labor, but it is hard, strained, and heart-breakingly meager in its results. It is all lifting by hand. It is strain, hence drain. Pentecost offers to struggling ineffectiveness the gentle but effectual Power of the living Spirit.

Two things remain in Pentecost as permanent —power for living, power for life-giving. Someone asked a very able and successful minister why he did not smoke. He replied that probably it would do him little harm personally, but, said he: "I follow a calling that makes it necessary for me to be called in very suddenly to see sick people. For this reason I must have nothing about me that would in the slightest prove offensive to anyone in the most delicate state of health. Every moment I must keep myself aseptic."

The Spirit in the life does the twofold work of making the life aseptic and the witness acceptable.

CHAPTER XXIII

IT IS WONDERFUL!

As we have made our way through Pentecost and its meaning the words of a Chinese teacher have lingered in my mind like a benediction and a challenge. I asked her whether she was a Christian, and she answered that she was. Then she looked out across the fields toward the hills in the distance as if in deep thought, and suddenly turning toward me she said, very slowly and earnestly, "I think it is wonderful to be a Christian." So do I! For these simple words gather up the impressions that one has when he thinks about the possibility of human living as the doors to the Upper Room swing open. They are the very doors to life.

It *is* wonderful to be a Christian. It is wonderful to have a Character in human history whom you can utterly trust and to whom you can utterly give your heart. A Hindu said to me one day that he had once looked at a picture by Rembrandt, a picture of a face, a face very luminous, but around it were dark clouds. That luminous face amid the clouds stood, he said, for Jesus. Around him are clouds. There are many things that are so distracting, so puzzling about

our world, but in the midst of things there is one luminous Face—the face of Christ. "That one Face, far from vanishing, rather grows and becomes my universe that feels and knows." I can wait till the clouds that surround him render up their meaning, whether they are clouds of wanton destruction or of beneficent rain, but in the meantime I have a Spot in my universe that is luminous and utterly trustable. If that Face should fade, my universe would turn to midnight. It is wonderful to have a Place of which you are always sure and to which you can turn in a distracting world.

It is wonderful to be a Christian. It is wonderful to have a world in which the cross is at its center. Now we know that standing back in the shadows is a Love that will not let us go. God not only means well, he means to make us well. His wounds answer our wounds. The cruelest, hardest, most wicked word that life can speak has been spoken—spoken at a cross, and God turns that cruel, hard, wicked word into a word that heals our race.

It is wonderful to be a Christian. It is wonderful to have a world with an Easter morning in its history. Suppose there had been none, and that the universe's last word had been a cross instead of an Easter morning; then on that cross the sons of men would have been forever tortured with the Son of man. But now,

since life's last word for me is to be Easter, I do not mind if life's latest word is a cross. What can life do now, what is left for it to do, since Life has done everything?

It is still more wonderful to be a Christian when all of this becomes actualized, concreted, available at Pentecost. Here this Jesus of history becomes the Christ of experience. The seemingly Nowhere becomes the Now-here. And that heals us.

I asked a Hindu one day what was the matter, for he seemed to be in distress. "There is nothing the matter with me except that I have not found Him," he replied. But isn't that all that is the matter with the world—it hasn't found Christ? Underneath all our restlessness is this inner pain—we have not found him. But at Pentecost they had found him—rather, he had found them.

"There are very few people who can swank the finding of God," said a European lady who had turned Hindu. She said it to break the force of my contention that outside of Christ I did not see people finding God. Swank the finding of God? It is the very last attitude that one feels like assuming if he finds God. When God finds us, as he does in the gospel, then all idea of attainment is gone and obtainment takes its place. We are lost in wonder, love, and praise. It is wonderful to have the gospel of the seek-

ing God. That is the pledge of my finding him. And Pentecost knows no stinted finding. It means finding in fullness, in overflowingness. We are inundated with God. Have some of us not known what it is to ask that the Divine Hand be stayed? There seemed no capacity to hold more; it seemed that the vessel would break.

This sense of the Divine Spirit within becomes the fountain of the purest and most exquisite joy that the human heart is capable of knowing. The word "joy" runs like a refrain through the New Testament. So much so that one could almost say that the New Testament way is "salvation by joy." It was a joy that ate up the lesser joys of the flesh. They seemed irrelevant in the light of this new joy. No wonder Clement of Alexandria exclaimed, "The Holy Spirit is a glad Spirit." There is gayety in the Gospels. Jesus says, "My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." My joy, your joy. The joy of the Gospels comes from finding something that is congruous to our nature. Said a Hindu, "The thing that strikes me about Jesus Christ is his congruity with our souls." When the soul finds Christ, after trying the incongruities of evil, immediately there is the rhythm of adjustment, of symmetry, of inner harmony. Integration is the modern word. It is the joy of the eye that sees, of the æsthetic nature that

senses beauty, of the intelligence that has found truth, of the heart that knows love, of the life that has found Life.

It was the joy that Pascal knew. He had one of the most brilliant minds of Europe, wrote a treatise on conic sections at sixteen, laid the foundation for the calculating machine, and though he died at thirty-six, left an amazing impress. Brilliant in mind, he was dissatisfied in soul, sought for peace, found it when a verse of Scripture became suddenly luminous. When he died they found sewed in a piece of cloth above his heart these words: "Certainty! Fire! Joy! Peace! I forget the world and everything but God. Righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee! Joy! Joy! Joy! Tears of Joy! Jesus, Jesus, I separated myself from him, renounced and crucified him, but now I submit myself absolutely to Christ my Redeemer." Written over his heart it was a symbol of what was written deeper. His soul had found its congruity—Christ. This joy of the brilliant Pascal is not different from the joy of the Negro woman, who, while the minister was unfolding the glorious gospel, kept exclaiming her "Glory," and her "Hallelujah." Someone tried to keep her quiet, but she exclaimed, "I can't, for I's overcharged!" The early disciples were "overcharged," hence irrepressible. To the discomfiture of every one, they listened to

false accusations in council halls while their faces shone like those of angels; they departed from judgment halls with bleeding backs, rejoicing that "they were counted worthy to suffer for his name;" they rejoiced their way through prisons, and saluted death with a smile. The Spirit's *ananda* (the beautiful Hindi word for "joy") kept their souls above the storm and strife.

This joy of the Spirit is no cheap joy. It has scars on it—radiant scars. It is joy won out of the heart of pain. Those who know it have found one of life's deepest and most transforming secrets: the transmuting of pain into a pæan. Sorrow becomes not something to escape; we can make it sing. We can set our tears to music, and no music is so exquisite, so compelling. The early Christians learned immediately and at once the truth which the philosopher Royce puts in these words: "Such ills we remove only as we assimilate them, idealize them, take them up into the plan of our lives, give them meaning, set them in their place in the whole." When their heartstrings were stretched upon some cross of pain and the winds of persecution blew through them, then from this human Æolian harp men heard the very music of God. They did not bear pain, they used it.

James says that "this active dealing with sorrow gives a new dimension to life." Life in the Spirit opens up to us in very truth a new

dimension to life. Other men live with the possibility of happiness through the three dimensions of prosperity, pleasure, and progeny; the Christian adds the fourth, through pain. When the outlook is not good, they can always try the inlook. They have "private reasons for being happy," for their happiness is not dependent upon happenings, but upon inner undisturbable-from-without relationships. If "we are only safe when we can stand anything that can happen to us," then the Christian has found the only safety there is, for, by his active dealing with sorrow, he has learned not merely *to stand* anything that can happen to him, but *to advance* by means of that very happening. Mrs. Lee lost all of her six children through a landslip, and I heard her rise and say, "I thank God for every sorrow that has ever come to me." It was not cant, for there were radiant scars on every word she said. The subsequent beautiful years of service have said so. The point is that Mrs. Lee traces back to a quiet personal Pentecost, found on shipboard, the discovery of this wonderful secret.

May I add a word of personal testimony? No one in public work can escape criticism. I have had my share. It used to cut me to the quick. But now when criticism comes I find myself asking, Is it true? If so, I will take it, will profit by it. My critics thus become "the

unpaid watchmen of my soul." If the criticism isn't true, I can still use it. I can make these fires of unjust criticism serve to burn up my fetters and make me free.

In a Friends' meeting in Vienna I found myself rising and saying: "For many years I have worn a cross upon my heart, and this cross has made me. But recently it has been lifted and I miss it and I find myself asking for another cross." "What a terrible prayer to pray!" said a friend as we walked out of the meeting. Yes, it was, but it would have been more terrible not to pray it, that is, if we want to know the fourth dimension of life. I found myself praying recently, "If wounds must come, I have only one request to make about them—let them be clean wounds." If we can keep away from our wounds the infection of complaint and sourness of spirit, they will heal quickly and leave glorious scars.

It is "the joy of the Spirit" that is the antiseptic. His presence keeps our wounds clean. But it does more—the Spirit becomes vitality to soul and body. As Romanes says: "A prolonged flow of happy feeling does more to brace up the system for work than any other influence operating for a similar length of time." Men who live in the joy of the Spirit can do an incredible amount of work because inner frictions are eliminated. Most people do not break

down from overwork but from under-being. Many of us are at civil war with ourselves, hence we have no vitality or resources left to prosecute a foreign war against life and its evils. If, as Captain Hadfield, the nerve specialist, says, "we are only as tired as our minds," then nothing, absolutely nothing, rests us so much as that sense of inward poise, of adequacy to meet life, that comes from the Spirit's presence in the depths of one's being. I know this to be true, for I have lived on power not my own for many years. On arrival in India I was told that I would break down within a year if I kept that pace. This would have been true had there not been the rejuvenation that comes from the fellowship of the Spirit. His life is energy on the plane of the body, and spiritual power on the plane of the spirit.

Someone has put it this way: "Joy increases vitality. Greater vitality gives a stronger sense of reality. This means stronger convictions. Of convictions purposes are born. And conviction and purpose make influence certain." So out of this inner joy comes physical energy and spiritual power.

As I write these lines I look out upon the terraced hillsides of the Himalayas. I see a great crowd of villagers who have come for the day to weed the fields. One of them is beating a drum and they are all singing. They are work-

ing to music. Blessed is the Christian who has learned to work to the music of the Spirit.

A delegation of three women had invited me to address the students of a Latin-American city. One of the three was an atheist, another a Theosophist, and the third a Roman Catholic. After the address the brilliant atheist turned to me and said, "The reason we come to hear you is that you have a song in your heart, and Latin America dearly loves music." I can write that because it wasn't my song, it was the song of my Guest. One can honor a Guest when he dare not honor himself. I had no song until he came. My heart is like my canary, which would not sing until after it had its bath. When Jesus brought his cleansing, then, and then only, did my heart learn its song. I once said to a Hindu audience that when I found Him I arose from my knees and felt as though I could put my arms around the world and share this with them. They applauded. Of course they did, for we are made for this and recognize our life when we see it. "You Christians have something I haven't —joy," said a Brahmo Samajist preacher. He had beautiful precepts in his religion, but no Pentecost. Hence the Brahmo Samaj movement, lacking the vital Divine Spark, has passed into high-minded religious respectability, but with an undertone of unsatisfied wistful yearning running through it.

Modern Christianity, wherever it lacks that Divine Spark, has run into that same gentility and that same sterility. The prayer of the man at the close of the service unconsciously illustrates our attitudes: "O God, if any spark of divine grace has been kindled in this meeting, water that spark." We have thrown the cold water of rationalism upon our gospel until the divine glow has turned to ashes. "I want to see some of you Christians mad after Jesus," said a Hindu to me one day. After Pentecost these men were "mad" after Jesus. We are only mildly interested in him. They were Christian. We are religious.

It is wonderful to be Christian. But it is not wonderful to be merely religious. The world is filled with religion—it lacks being Christian. I saw in London the original document that formed the basis of the organization of the Y. M. C. A. When the little group headed by George Williams drew up the document they first wrote at the top, "Young Men's Religious Association," but they drew a line through the word "Religious," and above it wrote "Christian." That was one of the most decisive lines ever drawn in human history. They decided that their movement would not be vaguely religious, but definitely Christian. That has been the driving power back of the Y. M. C. A. It was founded in the passion to lead young men into

definite relationship to Jesus Christ. When it loses that and passes into being vaguely religious, it is doomed to sterility.

It is a great, decisive day in any man's life when he decides no longer to be merely religious, but to be definitely Christian. That decision will lead him face to face with Pentecost, for you cannot be a Christian in any real sense unless you have in some real way experienced the power of the Spirit.

Christianity is at the parting of the ways. It is now at the point of decision where it must decide in a larger way to be definitely Christian or vaguely religious. The whole pressure is toward a syncretism. In East and West the demand is that we draw a line through the word "Christian," and put in "Religious." This is in the supposed interests of universality. In reality it leads to "a mush of amiability." You cannot be more universal by being less Christian. Whenever you strike a truly Christian note you strike a universal note. If we want universality, then back to Pentecost! For here the universal Christ becomes universal in experience, and this experience breaks into universal forms.

It costs little to be religious. There is no cross in it. It costs your very all to be a Christian. But in the words of the Chinese teacher, "It is wonderful to be a Christian."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE TECHNIQUE OF FINDING

THE famous words of Livingstone come to mind: "The end of the exploration is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." The end of the exploration as to the meaning of Pentecost should be the beginning of the inquiry as to what Pentecost can mean to us personally. The end of the inquiry is to become an inquirer.

How can the Spirit become operative in our lives? To use a modern phrase, what is the technique of our finding the Spirit and of living through his power? What are the terms upon which he offers himself? This is most important, for, as Professor Hirsch says: "The vital point in our knowledge of the gospel lies in our answer to the question, How is the Holy Spirit given?"

When I turn to the New Testament to trace out the technique of the finding of the Spirit at Pentecost it seems to be absent. There seems to be nothing blocked off or very definite in the steps to be taken. The account says that they "continued with one accord in prayer." And the Spirit was given. It was all very natural and seemingly devoid of technique. But under this naturalness there is a technique, and it does

not differ essentially from the technique of setting up close human relationships.

Someone has described being a Christian as "a long falling in love with God." If love is to be the center of our relationship, then how do we fall in love with God? Well, how do we fall in love with anyone? The first step is a drawing near, for, as has been said, "Propinquity is the soul of love." Nearness seems to be necessary to love. Nearness, then, leads to mutual self-surrender. Nothing has been weighed out or measured, but heart has been given to heart and each knows that he or she belongs to the other person. Out of that self-surrender faith emerges. The atmosphere becomes one of trust. Trust, then, becomes the medium through which life and thought can be communicated to each other. Finally, in addition to the initial self-surrender, there is a continuous adjustment of mind and purpose and life. The steps, then, seem to be these: A Drawing Near, Self-surrender, Trust, Continuous Adjustment.

When I turn to Pentecost I find, underneath the simplicity of the account, these four stages. They were steadfastly in prayer for ten days. Prayer brought a drawing near to the Divine. In that nearness they found themselves gradually letting go one thing after another, until finally the self-surrender was complete. Out of that self-surrender faith came into being—

an active, appropriating faith. Then faith closed the circuit. It became the medium through which the human and the Divine were fused into one. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." After this there was set up a process of constant adjustment of the human to the Divine. "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," was the phrase used to express the constant attitude. The outcome of these four stages—prayer, self-surrender, appropriating faith, constant adjustment—was victorious spiritual living.

The technique of finding the Spirit at Pentecost is thus not arbitrary, imposed, unnatural. Rather it is natural, growing out of the facts. It is valid to-day. The first step is prayer, and through prayer a drawing near. There can be no great spiritual awakening either in the individual or in the group unless and until the individual or the group give themselves to prayer. Dr. John R. Mott says that wherever, throughout the world, he has traced a spiritual awakening to its cause and center it has always been found in a prayer life that was beyond the ordinary. But herein is our weakness—our prayer-lives are very ordinary, hence our spiritual impact is very mediocre. While in the West I stated publicly that the ministry was not praying. I did not mean that ministers do not pray—we all do—but I did mean that we are not praying in a way that brings self-abandonment,

that self-abandonment in turn bringing a venturous faith that appropriates divine resources, and leads to our receiving the Spirit as a mighty working Fact in life. There are wonderful exceptions, but on the whole we are using oars when we might use the power of steam. We are trying to organize life into being instead of being organisms imparting life. In these modern days we feverishly run about on the surface in automobiles, and that surface running is symbolical of our surface living. We have lost the depths. Very often we are feverishly busy doing nothing, but being feverishly busy. When we feel there is something wrong and that it is all ending in futility, instead of giving ourselves to prayer we—appoint a committee! If a monument were erected over the dead situations in Christendom, we might inscribe on it, "Committeed to Death." We call a committee instead of calling to prayer, and the one is often an "alibi" for the other. The fact is that our taste for prayer determines our taste for God.

It has been said that the Reformation was born in Luther's prayer closet. All reformation, individual and collective, begins in some one's prayer closet. I find myself better or worse as I pray more or less. It works with almost mathematical precision. We find, sooner or later, that in prayer we either abandon ourselves or we abandon prayer. Prayer will keep

us from self-withholding or self-withholding will keep us from prayer. I find God fading out of my life to the degree that prayer fades out. The fading out of the God-consciousness is the greatest tragedy and loss that this generation has sustained. Prayer will rediscover it.

I do not argue the question as to whether anything happens in prayer—I simply testify: It does. It works. It was said of Jesus that he prayed all night upon the mountain, and when he came down in the morning "the power of the Lord was present to heal." Of course it was. The power of the Lord will be present to heal through us if we give ourselves to prayer. "The streams that turn the machinery of the world have their rise in solitary places." Those who move this age toward God have moved out of this age to the solitary places. Then they come back with power. It was said of the man in the Scripture, "If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth." No man has tidings, unless he takes time to be alone and apart with God. There he listens to what God says, and men listen to what he says.

But let it be noted that in prayer I do not bend God to my will, but I blend my will with God's. He can therefore do things through me that he otherwise could not have done. If in our universe some things are left open contingent upon the human will, so some things are left

open contingent upon prayer. Prayer digs the channels from the reservoir of God's boundless resources to the tiny pools of our lives. Through prayer we begin to live by his power.

Since prayer is the very breath of the life of the Christian it is befitting that it should be made the first step in receiving the Spirit. Prayer precipitated Pentecost. Those ten days in prayer brought the disciples face to face with two things: themselves and their Resources. In the increasing clarity of those prayer hours they saw that the chief stumbling-block in the way of their living the Christian life was just themselves. They saw that they could never appropriate God's resources until they had abandoned themselves. That leads us to the second step of self-abandonment.

In John's Gospel it is said that the reason the Spirit had not yet been given was that "Jesus was not yet glorified." When he went to the throne then the Spirit was given. It is not different to-day. There is only one thing that keeps us from receiving the Spirit—Jesus is not on the throne of our lives. Something else is. When he becomes Lord of all he offers us all. It is only empty hands that can grasp a whole Christ. When we are sure we are withholding nothing we may be sure that God is withholding nothing. The Gift of the Spirit may then become ours.

We are now ready for the next step—that

delicate but decisive step of faith. Many fail to go boldly in and possess the land. At this juncture we must talk faith with God. We must hold fast to the fact that God has not brought us along so far only to let us down at the decisive moment.

Jesus said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost"; the word "receive" is active voice, so that it might be translated, "Take ye the Holy Ghost." We are not to wait, supinely and passively; we are to reach out and take the offered Gift.

> "Faith is an affirmation and an act
> That bids eternal truth be fact."

Jesus said, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." This is not a deceiving of the mind into believing something that is not so. For here faith turns to fact, and fact to feeling. I remember distinctly that, after living the Christian life for some time, I met this demand for my all. I responded as far as I knew. I determined that Christ could have me without reservation or qualification. After having said this to him and having meant it, I quietly arose from my knees and walked around the room, inwardly affirming that I believed God was as faithful as I was, that when I offered my all I believed he offered his all and I would take it. Very vividly do I remember that doubt

closed in on me and that I pushed my hands away from me as if pushing doubt away. This continued for some minutes, when faith took hold and the quiet sense of the purifying and illuminating presence of the Spirit went through every portion of my being. I could do nothing but walk the floor, my heart welling with thanksgiving. For days I seemed possessed with an unearthly bliss. The most beautiful thing was that this coming of the Spirit seemed not to be a transient, fugitive thing, but the coming of an abiding Guest. It had the "feel" of permanency. "He may abide with you forever," were the words of Jesus about it. And it has been so. Underneath the overtones of changing emotion and feeling there has been the undertone of the sense of the permanent Divine within the depths of the life. Feelings change, facts abide.

Faith, then, is the venture that dares. It seems to be walking out upon a void, but that void will turn to solid rock beneath the feet. The tendency just here will be to look at our own unworthiness instead of at his faithfulness. If we look in we shall be discouraged, if we look around we shall be distracted, but if we look up we shall have peace. If we were compelled to wait until we were lifted by our own worthiness, we should be forever in the mire. An unfortunate man, ragged and hungry, was given a check by a business man, and was told to get

himself some clothes and food. Some days later the business man met him on the street, still ragged and hungry. He accosted him, remonstrated with him that he had used up the check in drink, instead of getting clothes and food.

"No," said the unfortunate man, "here I have the check with me, but when I went to the bank to get it cashed, I looked at my clothes and then at the well-dressed clerks within and I said to myself that they would never give me the money. I felt unworthy."

"But," replied the business man, "it is not your clothes or your worthiness that decides the question. It is my name on that check."

This whole thing is backed by the integrity of the character of God. He signs his offer in the blood of his own cross. I repeat what I said above: he not only means well, but he means to make us well. Faith is simply taking what in all sincerity God offers.

If I seem to be running into what will be termed by some the language of an outworn orthodoxy, I cannot help it. I can do no other. I do not use it because it is new or old, but because it works. This is the way over which I have traveled, and I find it works. I had nothing to offer but my bankruptcy, and, to my amazement, He took it and gave me all the resources of the Divine that I would take.

One of our aged saints, an artist with a rare

streak of humor running through both her art and her saintliness, looked at a wonderful sunset while in a small station in India. As she gazed at the riot of beauty on the monsoon clouds she exclaimed: "What a wonderful sunset, especially for such a little place!" Spiritually I have had that same feeling about this whole matter: As I have gazed upon the wonder and beauty and redemption of it all, my feeling has been, What a wonderful redemption for such a little heart to hold!

But faith is not merely an act that takes the proffered Spirit once for all—it is more, it is an act and an attitude. We pass out of that whole paralyzing, pessimistic attitude of doubt and pass into that creative, initiative, abounding attitude of faith. Doubt paralyzes, faith creates; faith, therefore, is the normal attitude of the soul. Doubt is the "No" to life, faith is the "Yes." When one has the faith-attitude, there sets in what may be called spiritual initiative. Things happen around such lives. They become morally and spiritually contagious. For the end of the finding of the Spirit is not an experience but an expression. Pentecost is not a terminus but a starting point. It is not an end in itself.

One of the tragedies connected with Pentecost is that because it is usually accompanied with exquisite emotion, the emotion becomes an end

in itself, the life becomes ingrown. At my feet as I write is a bleeding root sticking out of the ground. The little knoll here in the Himalayas had to be leveled off so I could pitch my tent, and in the leveling the shrubbery was cleared away and the root left. It is alive after some weeks, but it is still bleeding. The life that should have gone into flower and fruit is ebbing away. Some of us have had the root of the matter in us, but it has not passed on into fruit. So we are inwardly and spiritually bleeding to death. If our roots are in Pentecost, our fruits must be in the ends of the earth.

That leads to the fourth stage: a continuous adjustment of the human to the Divine. The spiritual life is both a gift and a growth.

One of my friends whose moral and spiritual influence is felt in many parts of the world was leaving India discouraged and broken—both in soul and body. In the darkest hour of his life he took hold of this verse: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." He began to drink. He was transformed. Years later he said publicly, "Since that time, thirty years ago, I have not had a dark, discouraged hour." The secret of his continuously victorious spiritual life is found in the fact that he recognized that the word "drinketh" is a word in the Greek expressing completed but continuous action, and might be translated,

"Drinks and keeps on drinking." The crisis leads to a continuance. We give our all once and for all, but there will be a continuous unfolding of that "all" as we apply it more and more widely to oncoming life.

We can find no experience that is proof against prayerlessness. If the finding of the Spirit is begun in prayer, it is continued and ended in prayer. By watchfulness and careful living we are to guard "that good thing which was committed unto" us; we are to keep it "by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us."

Life in the Spirit must no longer be lived on the unit principle, but on the co-operative plan. We supply willingness and he supplies power. There is more and more a merging of interests, of thought, of purpose, of life. We become more and more sensitive to the Divine and to the divine leading.

One of the most difficult things about life in the Spirit is the matter of divine guidance. It is difficult, for our wires often get crossed and we hear the voices of our own desires, instead of the voice of the Spirit. The reason we cannot depend upon divine guidance in a crisis is because we do not train ourselves to daily obedience. Only those who are sensitive to the Divine can sense the Divine.

When I was deciding the question of my life's work I received a letter from a college president

saying, "It is the will of the faculty, the will of the student body, the will of the townspeople and, we believe, the will of God that you should teach in this college." At the same time I received a letter from a trusted friend saying, "I believe it is the will of God that you should go into evangelistic work in America." Then a letter came from the Board of Missions saying, "It is our will to send you to India." Here was a perfect traffic-jam of wills! These were all second-hand, and I felt that I had a right to first-hand knowledge in such a crisis. Not that I would despise the opinions of friends in spiritual guidance, for God often guides through them. But obviously here they could not be depended on. So I took the letter from the Board, went to my room, spread it out and said, "Now, Father, my life is not my own and I must answer this. Lead me and I'll follow."

Very clearly the Inner Voice said, "It is India."

"All right," I replied, "that settles it—it is India."

I arose from my knees and wrote at once, saying I was ready. The Inner Voice did not fail me then. It has never failed me since. In many a crisis, too intimate to spread on the pages of a book, I have looked to him to give me a clear lead and I would follow. He has never failed to give me that lead sooner or later, and when

he has given it, it has always turned out to be right. He has never let me down. I have let him down, time and again, but I find him utterly dependable. I am sure that outside of that Will I cannot succeed; inside of that Will I cannot fail. The words of George MacDonald to Keith Falconer, as he went to the East, have been appropriated as my own: "This is a practical working faith: It is man's business to do the will of God; God then takes on himself the special case of that man; therefore that man should be afraid of nothing."

No two persons experience the Spirit in exactly the same way. There is a broad sameness of fact, but an infinite variety in phenomena. "Each receives his manifestation of the Spirit for the common good" (1 Cor. 12. 7, Moffatt). It would not be for the common good if the Spirit were to manifest himself through all in the same way. It takes many differing instruments to make up a symphony. We must let the Spirit pull out all the stops and play every key of our personalities. We must be utterly ourselves. We must be natural. But we must also remember that we need other Spirit-played instruments to complement and complete our partial tones. The one who most differs from us may have most to give us. The Spirit comes not to uniform us but to unify us.

There is no magic in any of these steps. They

are simply an unfolding of the human to the Divine. There is no magic whatever in Pentecost. The day of Pentecost was the occasion of the coming of the Spirit, but not the cause. There are those who think it was the cause, that God waited deliberately to give the Spirit on that particular day. Rather it is more possible to think that when that particular day approached, the disciples, who, after all, were Jews and believed implicitly in divine festivals, had their expectancy increased, and this led to letting go that last thing—themselves. When that was done faith received the offer on the part of God, the gift of the Spirit.

I remember on one occasion we were in a mission station where they were preparing for the visit of the governor of the province to the school. The missionary who was doing most of the preparing for the governor was inwardly setting her house in order to receive the Divine Guest, the Spirit. Her heart was panting after the Spirit as the hart panteth for the water brooks. I was standing on the veranda watching for the governor to come around the hill. When he did so, I called out to those in the house, "He has come." The lady, whose deepest undertone was this craving for the Spirit, thought, for the moment, that I meant that the Spirit had come. Her faith at that moment closed the circuit. He *had* come! She went

quietly to her room, closed the door and knelt and thanked God that he had come. When she came out to meet the governor some of us saw a sparkle of the eye and a radiancy of countenance that does not come from merely meeting governors! The governor's visit and my statement had precipitated the crisis that brought the acceptance of the Spirit, but they had not caused his coming. So with Pentecost. We must loose the Spirit's coming, even from that festival day. God did not sovereignly give the Spirit on that chosen day. That would make it mechanical and far away from us. Rather did the disciples choose to offer themselves and to take God's gift that day. That makes it vital and very near to us. For we can do the same.

There is only one thing predetermined in the matter of finding the Spirit. John, commenting on Jesus' statement about "the rivers of living water," said, "But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believed on him were to receive: for the Spirit was not yet given; because Jesus was not yet glorified" (John 7. 39). Note the phrase "were to receive." The receiving of the Spirit was deliberately put in the divine program for them. Here is something predetermined for every follower of Christ—we are to receive the Spirit. If we do not receive the Spirit, then we deliberately cancel the divine program for us. If we have not the Spirit, it is

because we do not want him—do not want him sufficiently to go through the necessary steps.

This finding of the Spirit is what the Scriptures call an "open secret." It is open to all, but it is secret, so secret that only those who bring to it the price of their all and an appropriating faith will have it opened to them.

We may well close this chapter with a simple but moving narrative from one of the great souls of India, Miss Sorabjee. Her school, into which the sons of princes and wealthy people of Western India come because of the character training and the thorough education they receive, is one of the most remarkable in India. It is a school with a soul. And the soul of that soul is Miss Sorabjee. The secret of her consistent and constant spiritual impact is to be found in this narrative, which she writes at my request:

"It was in the summer of the year 189—(I think 1896) that Miss Grace Wilder wrote me a letter, quite unexpectedly (for though we were well acquainted we used not to correspond), asking, 'Have you received the Holy Spirit?' The question surprised me not a little, for I knew that she was aware that I was a Christian. I pondered over it and then decided that I was a Christian. I had a wonderful blessing at the confirmation, was a regular communicant, and an active worker for Christ, so I must have re-

ceived the Holy Spirit. I therefore put away the letter, deciding to explain matters when I should see Miss Wilder again. This was in May. In August of the same year I attended a meeting of the Poons Missionary Conference, where Mr. Robert Wilder spoke on what he called that 'Verse of Contrasts' in Saint Luke 11. 13: 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?' He contrasted 'Ye (being evil)' with 'Your heavenly Father'; 'Know how to give' with 'Give'; 'Good gifts' with 'The Holy Spirit'; 'To your children' with 'Them that ask.' He spoke of the necessity for the baptism of the Spirit, and the results that would ensue if every worker claimed this as his right. He read us a letter from a missionary in Calcutta who described the wonderful things that were taking place in her school since she had claimed and received this Power from on high—how the Bible classes, which up to that time had been lifeless, had suddenly grown full of life; how long-concealed misdemeanors among the girls were confessed by them, and pardon sought; how old quarrels were set aside, and peace and love took the place of anger and hatred. Then Mr. Wilder went on to say, 'God has no favorites, that power can be yours. Remember "the Holy Spirit to them that ask!" '

"I went home and up to my room. I knelt down and prayed, 'Lord, give me this gift.' But though I prayed till past midnight, the heavens seemed as brass. For three days I went about my work like one in a maze, doing my duties, but with one thought always uppermost: 'Oh, if I could only get the Power!' On the Saturday following, the Missionary Conference held an all-day of prayer, and Mr. Wilder was one of the leaders. During one of the intervals I went into the office of the head of the Mission and said: 'You people are all talking of the gift of the Holy Spirit, and you tell of having received it, but I have discovered that God has favorites. I have prayed and prayed and he does not hear me, nor answer my prayers by giving me what he has promised.'

"He took up a little Almanac from the table, and, instead of answering my anxious remarks, said, 'Will you accept this?' I was hurt and showed my disappointment, taking the proffered calendar without a 'Thank you,' while I continued what I had been saying by remarking: 'I have held out the hand of faith in vain; God has no gift for me.'

" 'Have you got that gift I gave you just now?' asked Mr. R——. 'How did you get it?' 'Why, I just took it,' I cried, as the meaning of his words dawned on me. 'Oh, is it as easy as all that? Am I only to take his gift?'

"Then I wanted to know how I could be sure, sure beyond doubt, and my kind friend said, 'Reckon on having received it, and the next time he tells you to do anything, do it.'

"The bell rang for the next session, and I went into the big hall, and knelt near my mother and sisters. Mr. Wilder was leading the Intercessory Service, and read out a certain petition. God's Spirit whispered, 'You pray for that.' I had never prayed aloud in public, extemporaneously, and was overcome with shyness, but, 'Reckon on having received the Power' was ringing in my heart and ears. I lifted my voice and prayed a little prayer which I feared only my mother heard, but oh, the peace and joy that filled me! I walked on air for days after that. My work was revolutionized. I had been asking God to help me in *my* work, now I let him pick me up and use me for *his* work. He used me for winning others. Everything was now changed."

Everything was changed because she was changed.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CHURCH AT ITS BEĀS?

In conclusion, let me say that with the impact of my faith upon the systems and soul of the East I have been forced to change many things. My faith has been simplified. Many things have dropped away as irrelevancies. But one thing has remained unchanged during these years. I came to India with this conviction and the years have done nothing but verify it. It is this: Pentecost is not a spiritual luxury; it is an utter necessity for human living. The human spirit fails, unless the Holy Spirit fills.

I have watched up-standing young people come to the East out of our universities with a fine social passion and a wonderful human touch. They really did want to serve. Then as difficulties and discouragement closed in on them I have watched that social passion grow faint, that humanism grow sour and cynical, that desire to serve wither, and they have gone home again wondering if it were worth while. The reason for this lies in the fact that there was not sufficient inward personal realization of the Spirit's resources to sustain the social passion, the human touch, and the desire to serve. They tried to live out the implications of Pentecost

without the power of Pentecost. The Sermon on the Mount is beautiful—with Pentecost; without it, it is paralyzing. It is not unkind to say that I have seen parlor reformers grow weary in the dull drudgery of the kitchen.

On the contrary, I have watched men and women consistently and continuously stay by their tasks through thick and thin and keep an undiscouraged and unsoured spirit, an unquenchable hope, a faith in God and in people, and the secret has always been that they have lived upon resources not their own. They have found an adequate dynamic in the living presence of the Spirit. They never know when they are defeated, for they are not defeated within. There they remain intact. But it is not merely defensive power; it is gloriously, hilariously offensive. They win because they are winsome. They have learned the way to live.

The words of a Chinese teacher illustrate what I mean. In one of our Round Table conferences it came the turn of this teacher to tell what his faith was meaning to him in experience. He said in simple, straightforward, sincere fashion: "Some time ago I wrote out in my New Testament what my faith was meaning to me. At the top I wrote, 'It works!' Under that I wrote, 'You ask me for this, that, or the other definition or explanation and I may not be able to give it, but it works. I put my faith under sor-

row, and it learns to sing; under life, and it learns to live. Thank God it works!'" As my Chinese brother talked on I found my heart beating in unison. I could say from the depths, "It works!"

A very able friend said to me one day, "I read your book on the Round Table conferences the night when the famous prize-fight took place, and the thing that struck me was that there was a deeper bruising of spirit taking place in your Round Table conferences than there was the bruising of the body in that ring. Aren't there scars on your faith?"

"Yes," I replied, "there are some very deep scars on my faith, for the skeptical and the non-Christian have smitten it for twenty-two years, but the more it has been smitten the more it has shone. Yes, there are scars on my faith, some very deep ones, but underneath those scars there are now no uncertainties. There is a way to live. And this is the way. It works!"

It works to the very degree that we will work it. And the world situation is calling us to work it as we have not worked it in the past. The East now knows what it means to be a Christian and is demanding that we be Christian. The West, in its eagerness, has pushed along many roads that have ended in dead-ends and, suffering from disillusionment and cynicism, is asking if there is a road with an open vista. The situation looks

to us for a solution. The fact is that we, as Christians, at home and abroad, have come to the parting of the ways. The strain on our Christianity is getting greater and greater. The growing complexity of our civilizations is increasing the complexity of demand for an adequate spiritual dynamic. We must give it or fail to function as Christians. The extent of the projection of our gospel into the soul of this age will be determined by the depth of our own experience of that gospel. We cannot go further than we have experienced.

This is vividly illustrated in the history of the Evangelical Revival, a revival that cleansed the springs of the national life of Britain and saved her to the moral leadership of the world. Wesley describes the memorable Watchnight Service in his *Journal:* "About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that we cried out for exceeding joy and many fell to the ground. As soon as we had recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of his Majesty, we broke out in one voice: 'We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.'" Out of this formative hour the Evangelical Revival really began. Up to this time the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley had been attended with meager results; after this, amazing success attended their work. They

could go further now, for they had gone deeper.

This is further illustrated in the experience of a very dear friend. We were on the banks of the Beās River in the Punjab when a spiritual crisis was precipitated in his life. Alexander the Great had come as far as this river in his conquest of India. He had crossed the four rivers of the Punjab and now he had come to this fifth; beyond it lay India—the prize he had come so far to gain. It was September, when the Punjab is hot and muggy. It was laying a paralyzing hand on Alexander's soldiers. He tried to whip them up into a fighting mood by a great oration, but it fell upon deaf ears. They were weary and homesick. The inertia of the East had conquered them. Alexander saw it was of no use, turned sadly back, poured out a libation to the sun, sailed down the Indus River, up the Persian Gulf and died in a drunken brawl at Babylon. He got as far as the Beās and there the East turned him back.

My friend had also come to the Beās. And the East was getting him too. He had come to spend a year with me in evangelistic work. He was able, well-read, devoted to India. But the whole thing was laying too heavy demands upon him. While we were at this river in a conference he came to me and said: "I can't go on unless I get something. I can teach comparative religions in America, but this is demanding some-

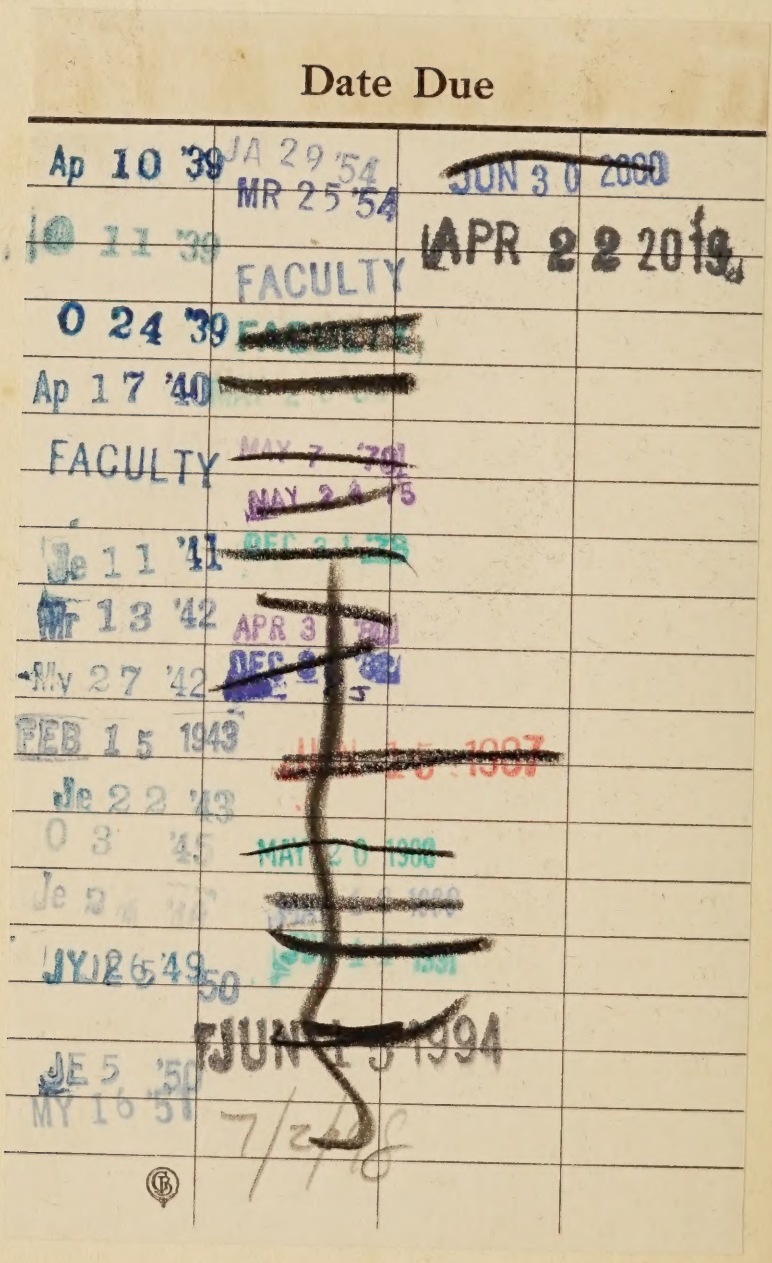
thing of spiritual experience that I haven't got to match against it." He told me not to wait breakfast for him, for he was going out on the banks of the river to settle matters. He was gone for some hours. Of course God met him—he was waiting for him. He came back another man. He was then ready to cross the Beās and go into the soul of India. He could go further, for he had gone deeper. When, throughout India, the groups of students thronged about him, I saw the adequacy of his spiritual experience. He had something to share.

When he returned to America a young minister, sensing the fact that my friend had found a joyous spiritual adequacy, came to him and said: "I have been preaching things that are not operative in me. I refuse to perjure myself any longer. I am not going to preach again unless I can preach reality. I'll give God until Sunday to do something for me, and if he doesn't do anything for me before Sunday, someone else can preach; I won't." Here was spiritual honesty and desperation that was bound to lead somewhere. He too saw that he was at his Beās. He could go no further until he had gone deeper. He took Saturday off as "a day of retreat." He came forth from those prayer hours a changed man. He had a new dynamic—the Spirit. He went to his pulpit the next morning and the crowd filed in and settled back in their seats

to listen to the old words. He hadn't been talking ten minutes before they saw they had a new minister. There were undertones in his quiet words they had never heard before. The WORD was throbbing in his words. Before that morning was over almost the whole congregation was seeking what their young minister had found. He was going further now, for he had gone deeper.

The church, at home and abroad, has come to its Beās. As I said in the beginning, the world-ground is being prepared for a spiritual awakening on a widespread scale. We are on the verge of something big. But we cannot capture these latent yearnings for Christ unless Christ captures us more completely. Materialism and inertia will close in on these spiritual yearnings and smother them, unless we can meet them with a gospel adequate in breadth and in depth. Pentecost gives both. We are therefore shut up to the alternative of Pentecost—or failure.

We cannot go further until we go deeper.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